National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } ..... Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

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Selections.

TROUBLE AHEAD.

THE London *Morning Advertiser*, a paper of a circulation less only than the *Times*, has a long and severe article upon the appointment of the Rev. Samuel I. Prime, of the New York *Observer*, as the representative of the American Bible Society to the corresponding institution in Great Britain. We cannot say that we altogether sympathize with the arrogant tone of the *Advertiser*, yet it will not be without its uses. Mr. Prime will be able, as in a mirror, to see how men appear who recklessly employ their editorial power as a scourge of unpopular men; he will see the true nature of that moral courage which is very bold and virtuous against all unpopular sins, and the nature of the attainments which give to men the grace of throwing stones at others who have no chance to defend themselves. Mr. Prime has for so long a time had an experience of this matter in the active voice, that it may be well to conjugate him a little in the passive.

We give some extracts from the *Advertiser*, not to approve its temper, but to indicate the state of public feeling in Great Britain; for we have from many other sources the means of knowing that the feeling expressed by the *Advertiser* is very general in England, and that it portends but little complimentary attention to our contemporary:

"How much our warning voice was needed, is now proved by the fact that we may hourly expect to hear of the arrival on our shores of the Rev. Samuel Prime, editor of the New York *Observer*—a paper which professes to be conducted in accordance with the principles of the most exalted piety. This man has been, for years, the most systematic and virulent of all the calumniators whom the Abolitionists of America have had to encounter. Had the venom of this pro-slavery divine taken effect, *Uncle Tom* would have fallen still-born from the press, and Mrs. Stowe herself would have sunk under the load of calumny which her Rev. traducer heaped upon her head. None of the organs of Slavery in the Southern States were half so ferocious in their criticisms on Mrs. Stowe's work, nor a tenth so reckless in their disregard of truth and decency in their mode of attack, as the journal of which Mr. Prime is the editor. She was lampooned and libeled in the columns of this evangelical New York *Observer*, to an extent which has no parallel in the records of the American press."

Mr. Prime will observe in this explicit paragraph, that the *Advertiser* has taken lessons in the same school in which the New York *Observer* learned its manners in regard to American Abolitionists. The *Advertiser* proceeds:

"With a knowledge of the facts which our columns have been, and are this day again, the means of communicating to the British public respecting this pro-slavery Transatlantic divine, will the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society persist in assigning Rev. Mr. Prime a part in the proceedings of Wednesday? We hope not. We cannot believe they will. It will be a dangerous experiment on public feeling and public patience, if they do. We address to them a timely warning. Let them not injure their own character nor jeopardize the best interests of that great and good institution, by persisting in their original intention to give this pro-slavery divine, this systematic and reckless vilifier of the Abolitionists, a resolution to move, second, or support, on Wednesday next. Nor will it be enough that they do not ask him to take any part in the proceedings of the day. They must not even give him a place on the platform. If they do, and the fact becomes known to the meeting, we anticipate a scene of confusion, which cannot be agreeable either to those on the platform or in the body of the hall, and least of all to the Rev. Gentleman whose presence will have called forth such an expression of public feeling."

If the names were changed, one would think this a paragraph from the New York *Observer*. Such an opportunity for self-examination ought not to be lost by Mr. Prime for all the world. We know how a Christian feels in expressing pious contempt for men who have no chance to defend themselves, and now it cannot but be profitable, and verily a means of grace, to find out how it feels to be thus contemned, and rolled in an editorial gutter, without any chance of cleansing oneself. It is not every man that Providence kindly allows to complete the circle of experience, and who is permitted to drink of the same cup which he mingled for others. But the *Advertiser* proceeds:

"But it will not suffice that this Rev. Mr. Prime, the vehement advocate of Slavery, and the systematic slanderer of Mrs. Stowe, and of all who, like that lady, seek to put down the gigantic evil, be excluded from the platforms of our religious meetings. He must be equally excluded from the platforms of our religious meetings. He must be equally excluded from the evangelical pulpits of England. Any minister—no matter to what denomination he belongs, and however high may be his reputation for piety and devotedness in his Master's service—who opens his pulpit to a man who, in his capacity of a preacher of the Gospel, has for years been doing his best to uphold all the enormities of American Slavery—will thereby render himself a partaker of the sins of this Transatlantic divine, so far as the question of Slavery is concerned."

The natural emotions first excited by such a paragraph as this, will find relief, doubtless, in Mr. Prime's case, by a recurrence to the *Observer's* articles about George Thompson, and to its various articles on Mr. Garrison and Wendell Phillips, and to its course in regard to the Anti-Slavery resolution passed by the Albany Congregational Convention. The intrusion upon our shores of an eloquent Englishman, whose sentiments were very unpopular with the great majority of our people, and the mobbing of whom was, if not winked at by good men, yet regarded as a thing so very natural under the circumstances, as to be treated rather like a phenomenon of nature—a fall of volcanic stones—a meteoric shower—a flood—or what not. The observation by Mr. Prime of such public excitements at home, will give him the key to interpret any tumult by which he may be hustled off the stage in Exeter Hall, or hooted through the streets of London, or contemptuously denied the attentions and civilities which English Christian gentlemen know how to bestow upon strangers, with perhaps a cordiality not equalled in the world.

But we don't think that Mr. Prime will properly improve his opportunities, if, upon his arrival, he does not address an explanatory letter to the *Advertiser*; which will, of course, be unnoticed, upon principles which cannot be new to the editor of the New York *Observer*. Mr. Prime will naturally participate in the experience which, in like cases, he has so often excited in various bosoms at home. He will reflect upon the unamiableness of such a disingenuous course as to attack a man, and then refuse to give his defence to the public. He will be tempted to say that it is profoundly mean—that it is wickedly mean; that, setting aside questions of grace, no man can be a gentleman, or make the slightest claim to honour, who will thus stab a helpless reputation, and then leave it bleeding, without balm or bandage; and some fitting reminiscences from the office of the New York *Observer* will not allay the smart of such poignant meditations.

The cruel *Advertiser* proceeds:

"And the Churches of England, and private Christians in the various walks of life, are now called on to act with decision, by refusing to have any Christian intercourse with men from the western hemisphere, whose garments are stained with the blood of the poor African. For, inasmuch as they have not only not denounced this colossal iniquity—the most gigantic of the present day—but have become its apologists and advocates, they are, in the eye of the Supreme Being, involved in the guilt of American Slavery. We do not see how any enlightened and conscientious Christian, concerned for the honour of his Master, and feeling for the woes and wretchedness of his brethren in bonds, could enjoy church communion with the systematic and deliberate abettors of Slavery. Nor, indeed, can we conceive it possible that any Christian, acting up to the high and holy principles which he professes, can have any satisfaction in the society of such persons, even in the ordinary intercourse of life."

An elaborate statement of facts should be sent in to the *Advertiser*. The real difficulties of the Slavery question should be stated; the nice distinctions should be drawn between upholding Slavery and virulently attacking those who seek to destroy it. It should be shown that, being silent upon the evils of Slavery, and voluble upon the faults of the friends of emancipation; that, never inserting a thing that would wound a slaveholding Christian, and never neglecting an opportunity to stab an Anti-Slavery Christian; that, passing by all records of cruelties, of wretchedness, of neglect of religious education on the part of the slave system, and all the atrocities of our unparalleled slave code, and all disapproval of the last misbegotten imp of such a parent, the Fugitive Slave Law, and then making amends by chronicling every slip of the tongue of Abolitionists, every extravagance of ultra lecturers, and every mistake of Free Soilers—we say that Mr. Prime will make it appear easily enough to the *Advertiser*, that this gives no just ground for charging him with abetting or upholding Slavery. Of course the *Advertiser* will take his article, garble it, omit the good points, put the weak paragraphs into print, and set them in a frame of editorial remark, which will prove eminently savory to the beslabbered victim—hold him up to ridicule, and then the *Advertiser* will piously wipe its brow, and look around to read in the eyes of an applauding community its reward for kicking a man who could be kicked without risk, and with entire impunity. Finally, the *Advertiser* says:

"All such as he, must, without exception, and without ceremony, be excluded from our platforms and our pulpits The presence of pro-slavery ministers of religion on the one, or in the other, would bring down the Christianity of England to the level of the Christianity of America—that Christianity which not only seeks to find excuses for slave-holding and slave-selling and buying, but which assails and slanders all who dare to utter a word against the 'peculiar institution.'"

Of course Mr. Prime will rebuke this arrogant comparison between the two kinds of Christianity. He will point out the ease and worldliness of the 'Establishment'—the neglect of British Christians of their own insular poor—the indifference of the British Church to the outrages of the African war, and an enforced opium traffic in China. To stand in a very small minority, speaking very disagreeable truths to a very large, very complaisant, and not very humble or patient majority, will enlighten Mr. Prime as to the position and experience of many of his fellow countrymen at home.

We cannot but regard the amiable remembrances which led the American Bible Society to appoint a former agent of their society, seeking a restoration of health by a foreign trip, to represent them in London. We only wish that so sedate and conservative a body had sent a comet with a less flowing tail; and we are sure that they will not take it amiss when we, that have no great reputations for prudence, have a little ill-concealed gratulation at seeing that prudent men sometimes get the foot in as well as others.—*H. Ward Beecher, in the Independent.*

MRS. STOWE AT STAFFORD HOUSE.

THE authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was, on Saturday, welcomed to Stafford House by the Duchess of Sutherland, where, in the midst of an assemblage of ladies of rank and influence, and no small muster of public men, she received the long-talked of address. The scene was one of much interest; and as Mrs. Beecher Stowe—slim, sun-complexioned, active, intelligent, simply-dressed and perfectly self-possessed—was seen petted and lionised by a whole bevy of Duchesses and Countesses, who had been charmed by her marvellous book, there was afforded a gratifying proof of the incense that truth and humanity may gain from all ranks—and proof, moreover, of the admiration which the genius of the New World may win from even the most select coterie of the Old.

When the first Anti-Slavery meeting at Stafford House took place, we said as little as possible about it: because it was a fair occasion for criticism, and we could not blame those who did not criticise it; while the Anti-Slavery cause appears to us sufficiently strong and sufficiently venerable to cover some sins of judgment in its supporters. We thought that, on the whole, the meeting was to be regretted, because those who managed the business were insufficiently informed of the facts of the case—about the relation, we mean, of the women of America to the institution of Slavery. Of all the foes of American Slavery none live in such anguish of hostility to the institution as the women of the Southern States, for reasons which are obvious enough, when the morals that coexist with Slavery are considered And we certainly must dissent emphatically from the declaration in the Address, that we—we of the existing generation of Englishmen and Englishwomen, ought to humble ourselves in shame and grief, on account of England's share in the guilt of American Slavery. To this coaxing statement we absolutely object. But the sacredness of the cause silenced us when it would have been easy to ridicule and blame; and it was never a part of our objection that the movement was one conducted by women. Slavery is a subject on which women may and should speak and act as freely as men, and if men do not act and speak as freely as they ought, women are quite right to choose their own method of expressing their own protest, individual or collective. All ridicule, aimed at the meeting, as a woman's meeting, was below notice, and always will be on a similar occasion. The time has now come for ridicule to cease, in regard to Anti-Slavery business going on at Stafford House, and all the more so that the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has taken part in the proceedings.

Mrs. Stowe is no fine lady, come to play off fine sentiments amidst the flutter of fans and the homage of adoring listeners. She is no *Corinne*, crowned for intellectual triumphs. She is no wonderful new novelist, whose pictures of the sufferings of the heart provoke and tempt an inquisition into the personal experience of the idol of the season. She has plenty of ability, a sound head, a keen sagacity, accurate intuitions, if not an always sober judgment, and charming and inexhaustible humour, such as is usually found in connection with that united sensibility and power of expression which constitutes pathos in writing. She has plenty of ability; but that is comparatively a small matter. The singularity of the case is that she has been made, unintentionally and even unconsciously, the apostle of the greatest cause now existing in the world. Two years ago, she was in her home in Ohio, the daughter and the wife of Clergymen, living in the humble way which in America is justly thought the most honourable for that profession, busy in her nursery, and carrying about an anxious heart, always and increasingly burdended by a growing knowledge of the sins and sufferings attendant upon the institution of Slavery. When she could bear it no longer, she spoke; and the manner in which she spoke indicates the quality of the woman, and explains the power of her speech. She did not bewail her own pain, or in any way make known her own presence in the scene. She told, in the most straightforward way, what happens every day in the Slave States of America. She did not even give high artistical qualities to her work. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has grave artistical faults which would have been talked about abundantly on all hands, if one order of readers had not been overwhelmed with their sympathies and another by their rage. The power of the book was in its truth, set forth in its full strength by the objective character of the work—by the absence of all self-reference on the part of one of whom the world could have afforded to hear a great deal. In natural and complete accordance with this original tone of mind, she is now the very first of those who ascribe her marvelous fame to the ripeness of the world for the subject on which she spoke, as she says, "because she could not help it:" and her steady persistence in this view in the midst of such an intoxicating whirl of success of every kind as would have turned almost any other head, marks her as a greater woman than all the genius of all the women who ever lived could have made her, without her honest simplicity. We beg to call the attention of observers and critics to this. Some are trying to make out that she is saucy, and selfish, and affected, because, in their practised judgment, she must be so, after her year of unequalled feminine fame. Some say that if she is not *exigeante* now, she soon will be—for the same excellent reason. Some look upon her passage through this country as one of the amusements of the season, and get up an enthusiasm and criticism, as they would upon any great artist of the day. This is all wrong—all a mistake; and those who perpetrate it have no real understanding of the cause, or of this its involuntary preacher. She has sought no suffrages, and nobody can point to any personal aim that she has ever proposed. She is eager to interest all she meets in the cause, to hasten the day of the abolition of Slavery; but all sympathy that she meets here must be embittered by the shame that she, with her patriot heart, must endure, that all such sympathy is like reproach to her republican country. These are feelings in the presence of which all petty gossip, all narrow criticism, all thoughtless levity should be silent, and, if possible, be turned into respect and humility. It was not to say this that we have spoken at such length of Mrs. Stowe. It can matter little to her or her kindly and sympathising entertainers, or anybody else, how light minded people talk. Nor is it for Mrs. Stowe's sake or that of her friends that we have spoken of her at all. It is because her fame and her presence are a portent of a serious kind. Her fame is a protest on the part of the world against Slavery in a Democratic Republic; and her welcome here is a broad hint, if her countrymen would but take it, that that Institution is doomed, and that they would be wise to see how they could best release themselves from it. They know, as well as we do, that any institution which is condemned by the most advanced nations of Europe (the condemnation being on moral and economical, as well as political grounds), cannot be long sustained in a free, generous, growing, and wealthy nation. Whether it is a book, or a woman, or a Great Exhibition, or a Hungarian revolt, or anything else that elicits the truth, and conveys the warning, matters little; it becomes a solemnity through its use. And thus it is that Mrs. Stowe's reception in the British Islands is, in the eyes of thoughtful persons, no trivial matter, to be treated with transferable sympathy, or stared at for amusement. She is the embodied rebuke of the lovers of freedom and the advocates of popular government, addressed to the brethren from whom they have hoped, and still hope, so much; and addressed, surely, in the mildest form that remonstrance ever assumed — that of grateful hospitality to the most successful of living American authors.—(*London*) *Daily Times.*

SLAVERY.

To the Editor of the Cork Examiner.

35, Eccles Street, Dublin, 27th April, 1853.

SIR: A friend in Cork having furnished me with a copy of a letter on "Slavery," by the Rev. Alexander J. Peyton, P. P., Blarney, which has appeared in your widely read journal, I beg you will kindly allow me the privilege of a short reply to it in your columns.

The Rev. gentleman, in deference to the honest public opinion of Ireland, has found himself under the necessity of saying, what otherwise would never be discovered in the long letter he has written to portray the happy condition of his brethren who are held as merchandise in America, "I am no advocate for Slavery," and further "With this favourable report there are circumstances connected with Slavery which shew forth the evil tendencies of the system and are calculated to excite the compassion of the virtuous and intelligent."

Now, I ask every virtuous and intelligent reader of Mr. Peyton's letter if they ever read of, or imagined in their own minds, a more perfect state of earthly happiness for working men than he describes to be the actual condition of the three and a-half millions of his fellow creatures who are held in bondage by their *kind caretakers!* in the United States of America—I was about to say *forcibly* held in bondage, but that, from the statement of the Rev. gentleman, we are led to believe that their bondage is a willing bondage—a condition of such earthly happiness as is not to be found in any other land under Heaven—and that they love it so well as to have no desire, nay, that they actually refuse to accept the onerous gift of being their own caretakers, and the caretakers of their wives and children.

Mr. Peyton intentionally conveys the idea, that the marriage relation is held sacred by the holders of slaves, and that want of chastity on the part of female slaves is held to be peculiarly disgraceful. I hope the rev. gentleman is really ignorant of the true state of the case in relation to these matters, but which are so notoriously the reverse of the view he has given of them, that it needs a great stretch of charity to believe he has not drawn on his imagination for the pleasing picture of virtue he has delineated. Why, sir, it is a notorious truth that the slave has no legal protection in these respects. The marriage tie is continually and ruthlessly torn asunder, and fresh connections are forced on the parties with as little compunction as if they were brutes, and not immortal beings.

Has the Rev. gentleman never heard of the breeding States of the Union? If he has not, he is a very incompetent witness for the wicked system he has undertaken to defend.

I cannot go over every paragraph of his letter, and expose the false conclusions he would lead his readers into. To do so would not be a task of difficulty, but it would require a trespass on your space which I hesitate asking you to grant. There is, however, one great suppression, or unintentional omission, touching a matter of fact, which I must refer to, as it is fatal to the entire structure of philanthropy and benevolence which he has built up for these most just and kind-hearted gentry, the slaveholders of America.

Mr. Peyton would lead his readers to believe that the slave is protected by law from the exercise of excessive cruelty on the part of his master. It is true that there are enactments in some, perhaps in all, of the slave States, guaranteeing certain rights to the slave, in relation to punishment, food, clothing, &c., but does not Mr. P. well know that these well intentioned, or more likely hypocritically intended acts of the legislature, are all rendered of no effect by one infernally devised clause, which is, that no coloured man can give evidence against a white man? Could anything more diabolical than this rule be devised? Even Mr. Peyton's case in illustration of his views of the manstealer's justice and magnanimity is a proof of his selfishness and his cruelty. For the atrocious *murder* of four slaves a pecuniary fine is said to have been levied; and we are not told that any means were resorted to to ensure even the payment of the fine.

Indeed, in the absence of names and dates, or place, Mr. Peyton must excuse my doubting, or denying altogether, the truth of the story which has been foisted on him, and which, even if true, is a disgrace instead of an honour to the community in which the occurrences took place. I beg to refer the Rev. Gentleman and your readers to "*The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*" for ample evidence of the fallacy that any rights whatever are secured to the slave in that land where the written Constitution proudly proclaims, but the practice of whose people wickedly denies, "that all men are created alike free and equal, and equally entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Judge Ruffin, who is represented to be one of the first lawyers in America, and who is described as not only an enlightened, but a humane man, on an occasion of a solemn legal decision, declares "The power of the master must be absolute to render the submission of the slave perfect."

In conclusion, I express my regret that an educated Irish gentleman, and a clergyman, should have volunteered to write such a letter as Mr. Peyton has done, in almost open defence of an unhallowed system, which even Jefferson—a slaveholder himself—trembled, to contemplate, and has left on record these memorable words in relation to Slavery, "I tremble for my country, when I remember that God is just, and that He has no attribute which can take part with us."

It is sad to know that Irishmen in America are too apt to take sides with the oppressor. They fly away from what they consider political persecution, and social wrongs, in their own land, and in the land of the stranger they threw themselves into the arms of the man-stealer, and the woman-whipper, and the cradle-plunderer, and Rev. A. J. Peyton, P. P., Blarney, joins in the unholy crusade.

Would to God that my countrymen were not only the professed, but the honest and true friends of liberty—liberty for all of every colour and of every clime. I am, sir, respectfully yours,

JAMES HAUGHTON.

☞ THE following is the letter of C. M. Clay to Mrs. Stowe, read at the reception meeting at Stafford House, by the Rev. Charles Beecher, to which we alluded last week:

My dear Mrs. H. B. Stowe . . . . —While I am fully sensible of the small results of my efforts in the cause of emancipation, I will not deny that your appreciation gives me great pleasure, and, I trust, not ignoble pride. Alas! without such kind and cheering words, which I have received from many sources, how could I have stood so long up against such odds? However much Providence had gifted me with iron purpose, the loss of caste in the social circle in which we have been used to move is hard; the obscurity from which the most fervent ambition cannot rescue us is hard; the peril of good name, of life, and limb, is hard; but harder than all is the reflection that we are forever unappreciated by those for whom we sacrifice our all. For if we fail our memory perishes, the most melancholy idea of Siberian exile is the extinction of the name, when the burial stone even marks the ashes of the past. The history of mankind therefore presents few instances of sacrifice for the inferior castes. The Gracchi fell in defence of the rights of the poor, and the winners in the contest branded their names with infamy from which the late justice of history can hardly rescue them. It remained only to the Divine Messenger of our faith thus to suffer and to conquer.

Our plans of procedure in this cause are simple. We follow in the lead of our hearts rather than our intelligence, for I am not insensible of the almost indestructible power of the slaveholders. I venture to say that never before was an aristocrat based upon such firm basis. Slavery embraces almost all the talent, the learning, and the bodily energy of the people. If the slaveholders had only the two first, and the mass of the people the two last, we could be to them leaders and they to us power; but alas! whenever, in the course of events, men of action spring up, the first want of accumulated wealth is menial service, which here can only be slave labour. Thus the ownership of slaves places them at once on the side of the men in power.

Can we persuade men to lay down power? Can the luxurious be induced to cease from luxury? Can the lame walk or the blind see?

On the other hand, can we infuse spirit and manliness into hereditary dependence? Can we make men firm when their bread wastes away? Alas! are not the dependent whites the slaves of the slaves?

Still we 'never give up the ship,' because to give it up is to give up our idea of God; we can't give it up because it would be to despair of all eventual elevation of the human race; we can't give it up because our souls live upon the fruit of justice, of mercy. We perish with hunger, we must eat, and eat of them only. * * *

We trust in Providence, but we trust with our shoulder to the wheel. By agitation we prepare the minds of the ruling powers for change. That at least, think they, cannot be so insufferable which so many men of all climes so earnestly crave. Thus you of the North aid us—thus England aids us—thus France aids us—thus the outcry of all mankind aids us. This, then, is, perhaps, in my time, the mission of the Free Soil party in the slave States—to take care to keep untrammeled the freedom of speech and the press, and be the trumpet-tongued messengers of truth and the conscience of mankind.

This is the way of Providence, the undying aspirations for the right in the hearts of all true men and women. This is the Divine. All humble and obscure as I am, I am yet too proud to flatter any one; but honour to you that you have not buried your talent, nor repined against him as a hard master. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is the fruit of the embryo inspiration which God has planted in every soul. Be of good cheer—you have not lived in vain through long centuries. Yes, I feel, when Slavery shall be no more, you have erected a shrine around which the humble, the fainting, the famishing will gather, and be comforted and strengthened, and be at peace with men and trustful of God.

Mrs. Clay gladly accepts the office of Committeeman on the reception of the address of the ladies of England, provided it be not too late. It has been the solace of long years of painful effort that she appreciates my principles and my purpose. Though all the world is lost, home is secure.

The vote cast for me advocating unconditional emancipation on the soil was near four thousand. The Colonisation party did not sustain me. When they shall give up that 'Compromise' with slaveholders—if ever—our strength will be greatly increased. 'Uncle Tom' is much read in Kentucky and all the South: here it is making daily converts to our cause. We are organized, have a feeble paper advocating our views, which we hope this summer to strengthen with an abler editor. We are few, but determined, and may God defend the right.

* * * *

Your obedient servant,

C. M. CLAY.

LETTER FROM HON. WILLIAM JAY.

NEW YORK, 8th March, 1853.

DEAR SIR: I have read with great pain the exposure, in a late number of the *American Missionary*, of the conduct of the American Board in relation to the Choctaw and Cherokee Indians. This powerful society has established missions in these two tribes of our aborigines, who have so far advanced in civilization and the adoption of "our institutions" as to hold and use certain of their fellow-men as beasts of burden. The missionaries sent among these people, instead of teaching them the Christian duties of justice and mercy, have virtually instructed them that they might be good Christians without loving their neighbours, or doing to others as they would others should do unto them. Says a Secretary of the Board, who had visited the missions, "It does not seem to have been the aim of the brethren (missionaries) to exert any direct influence, either by public or private teachings, upon the system of Slavery."

In the last report, we find the Board extolling their converts as saints, and eulogizing the governments established by these slaveholding Indians, although tolerating and perpetrating atrocities unknown to the despotisms of Europe.

We are told (p. 29), "The Choctaws have a GOOD GOVERNMENT. They have a written constitution, with a declaration of rights, which embodies the liberty of the press, trial by jury, the rights of conscience, proper safeguards of person and property, the equality of Christian denominations, and almost every great principle of civil and religious freedom."

Certainly the Board is by no means ultra in their ideas of civil and religious freedom, and the rights of conscience. What is the religious freedom of their own missionaries? "If any citizen of the United States," says a law of this good government, "acting as a MISSIONARY OR PREACHER, or whatever his occupation may be, is found to take an active part in favouring the principles and notions of the most fatal and destructive doctrines of the Abolitionists, he shall be compelled to leave the nation and forever stay out of it." Of course, men of God, like Wesley, Hopkins, and Edwards, are disqualified from preaching the Gospel among the Choctaws; for such men would not, like the missionaries of the Board, consent to be gagged, on the obligation to do justice and love mercy. Not only must these missionaries be dumb on the iniquities of Slavery, but they can remain at their posts only on condition of not violating the law of CASTE, since the statute declares that allowing slaves "to sit at table with them shall be ground to *convict* persons of favouring the principles and notions of Abolitionism." So, if a missionary presumes to eat with a slave, perhaps his spiritual son in the Gospel, he is to be expelled the nation, and ever stay out of it! and so he is, if he dares to teach a slave to read the Bible without the consent of his owner! This good government provides "*proper safeguards of persons and property*," by enacting that a slave shall possess *no property*, and that his *person* shall be a vendible article. "Civil *freedom*" is secured by a law which declares that if any *free negroes* shall return into the nation, "they *shall be seized and sold to the highest bidder for life.*" By another law, any free negro presuming to enter and remain in the nation is to *receive one hundred lashes on the bare back*, and to forfeit all the property he may possess!

We are officially assured (p. 32) that "The Cherokees have AN EXCELLENT GOVERNMENT: the usual safeguards for person, property, the rights of conscience, &c., are provided." This same excellent government deprives of all the rights of citizenship every child of a *red* man by a black or yellow wife, declares *void* every marriage of the kind and subjects the parties to *scourging!* Whoever teaches a slave, or any *free negro*, not of Cherokee blood, to read or write, is to be fined from $100 to $500. This exception in favour of negroes of their own blood is a natural prejudice which our more civilised slaveholders have most effectually conquered. In our Christian slave codes we find no favour whatever shown to negroes of Anglo-Saxon blood. Free negroes are to be expelled from the nation.

And now I ask, what is the inference to be drawn from this strange, false, blundering, but official eulogy of these Indian slaveholding governments? Why, that the slave codes of our Southern States, with all their execrable wickedness, crushing in the dust THREE MILLIONS of immortal beings, are perfectly compatible with *good and excellent* government! Even the government of South Carolina, under which *more than one-half* of the whole population, men, women, and children, are articles of merchandise, and robbed of every civil and religious right, is a proper subject of Christian eulogy! What amount of tyranny, cruelty, and wickedness constitutes a *bad* government, we are not informed. Certainly the Board has relieved itself from all suspicion of Anti-Slavery fanaticism, and has proved itself deserving the pecuniary patronage of our "Southern brethren." A few years since, in consequence of pressure from without, it announced to the public that "it can sustain no relation to Slavery which implies approbation of the system, and, as a Board, can have no connection or sympathy with it." But, like many others, the Board has since "conquered its prejudices."

It may be asked, would you abandon these Indians to heathenism because they are slaveholders? I answer, I would not present the Gospel to these or any other people in such a form as to lead them to believe that Christianity authorizes *them* to abandon to heathenism the poor and oppressed among them, by subjecting them to enforced ignorance and degradation; and this is what the Board is virtually doing. But why prefer preaching the Gospel under a gag to preaching it with perfect freedom to other Indians who hold no slaves? Had the missionaries, with Christian firmness and fidelity, pointed out to these Indians the wickedness of their laws, and the inconsistency of their slaveholding with the precepts of Christianity, they would no doubt have done great good; and had they been expelled for their fidelity, they would have honoured Christ by suffering in his cause, instead of bringing a reproach on his religion by their time-serving policy. In such a case the Board would have lost some, perhaps all, their Southern subscribers; but what amount of subscription will compensate for the virtual, although silent, abrogation among these Indian converts, of the second of the two great commandments on which hang all the law and the prophets, so far as it affects their obligations to men not coloured like themselves?

I cannot persuade myself that we are justified in the sight of God in concealing any divine command or prohibition, for the purpose of rendering the Gospel more palatable to those to whom we present it. I have heretofore occasionally contributed to the funds of the American Board, but can do so no more; and I rejoice that in sending you the enclosed check,* I have the full assurance that I am in no degree strengthening influences adverse to the rights, happiness, and religious improvement of an afflicted portion of the human family.

Yours faithfully, WILLIAM JAY.

—*American Missionary.*

* For one hundred dollars.

SLAVERY IN THE PRESBYTEBIAN CHURCH.

IN the New School General Assembly, at Buffalo, on the 23d ultimo (according to the report of the New York *Evangelist*), Dr. Hatfield stated he had received a communication from the Oswego Presbytery, so peculiar that he was constrained to lay it before the Assembly. The communication was read, and was merely a transcript of the record, declining to send Commissioners to the Assembly till it be disconnected from Slavery. Dr. Aiken moved to lay it on the table. Dr. Cox would refer it to a special committee, and include the case of the Rochester Presbytery.

Mr. Ingersoll hoped that no such importance would be given to it. He would prefer it to be returned to the source it came from; it was a serious charge upon the Assembly, and ought to be resented.

The Moderator stated that the motion to lay upon the table was not in order, as the Assembly had no table, but a docket.

Mr. Eddy moved it be returned to the Stated Clerk.

Mr. Holmes could not agree to this. Though he was reminded by these misguided brethren of a Western minister who was going to preach from the text, "We are fearfully and wonderfully made;" but being a poor reader, he read the text "fearfully and wonderfully *mad*." It was possible these brethren belonged to the poor minister's category. But we ought to treat them kindly and forbearingly. The evil will soonest be mended by gentle measures.

Mr. Beckwith thought the menacing character of the communication ought not to be overlooked. The Presbytery refuse to do a great constitutional duty, and then hold the rod in *terrorem* over the Assembly, that if it will not do as the Presbytery dictates, they will withdraw.

Mr. Rollo thought the paper required no notice at all. It was not a memorial or an overture—a communication which really required no action.

Dr. Cox said it was a grave matter. This Assembly has a duty in the premises—the Presbytery is constitutionally bound by oath to this body; and if they, in their folly, are attempting to violate their solemn trusts, we are bound to do what we can to prevent it. The minority of the Presbytery also deserve the recognition and countenance of the Assembly. It is a precedent which ought to be prevented, if possible, for it is disorganizing and destructive in its character. It cuts the very vertebral column of our organic structure.

Dr. Ross would deal with the Presbytery, but would take no notice of the paper.

Mr. Niles was for referring the paper to the Judicial Committee, to bring the Presbytery properly before the Assembly, as a Court of Jesus Christ, for violating their oaths. It is highly important that the relation of the Presbyteries to the Assembly should be better defined. Presbyteries ought to understand that the vows of the Constitution are not idle words.

Mr. Brooks thought the case of the Oswego Presbytery is, in principle, exactly like the Rochester Presbytery; the action taken in that case might wisely govern the Assembly in the present.

Mr. Spees, if he consulted his natural feelings, should vote to put the paper on the table—but the subject is one of great delicacy. There are many Presbyteries destined to become powerful bodies, whom we hold by an exceedingly tenuous tie. One or two wrong votes on this subject would throw them off; and to take a violent course in this case, would be precisely what the enemies of the Church desire. Hitherto the action of the Assembly has been wise, and we are making progress. We want to take the course which shall hold all together. It would be much wiser to treat the paper with respect, even though it be disrespectful to the Assembly.

Mr. Shumway thought that a respectful disposition of the paper would furnish a good opportunity for a wise and paternal advice to the Presbyteries on this subject. It may be made the occasion of action which may heal a wide-spread evil. There are individuals and members that feel deeply tried by what they think the connection of the Assembly with Slavery. Now, secession is a great Protestant right; but is the connection of the Assembly with Slavery a just ground for such secession? To meet this important issue—an issue which the religious journals do not adequately discuss—would be a timely and judicious office, and do good beyond the sphere of this case.

Rev. Mr. Handy, of Wilmington, did not think the paper disrespectful. It was an expression of their views, properly made. Whether the opinions are wise or unwise, is another question; but the action of the Presbytery is not disrespectful. He was glad they had spoken out, if they entertain these views. If they cannot be reasoned out of them, they should leave the Church.

Dr. Aiken wished to take a conciliatory course; but he did not think the spirit in which such actions have their origin, is the fruit of ignorance. It is not true that no reasoning or persuasion has been used with them. It is not ignorance: they are determined on division, and they will have it. No pastoral letter, however paternal, will reach the case. It has been argued in every possible form, and the best way would be quietly to pass over the matter, and let these Oswego brethren have time to digest their course at their leisure.

THE METHODIST SLAVE TRADE.

THE following is quoted from *The Advertiser and Journal*, of May 5, 1853. It is an editorial:

"DR. BOND: Circumstances, not necessary to mention here, induce me to ask of you, through the *Advocate and Journal*, an answer to the following question:

"Can a member be expelled from our Church, according to our present rule on Slavery, for selling, or causing to be sold, a slave, or slaves, that came into his possession by an inheritance? INQUIRER.

"Ohio."

Under our General Rules, a person can be expelled for doing harm of any kind, and of course for doing a wrong or injury of any kind to his neighbour, and especially for acts of inhumanity. Under these rules, therefore, if a charge be brought, the finding of the committee will, if it be composed of Christian men, be according to the evidence, whether the charge relates to a freeman or a slave, as the subject of injustice, inhumanity or wrong —EDITOR.

The Richmond *Christian Advocate* comments as follows:

"A party of Abolitionists once sought to ascertain the views of a political candidate on the subject of Slavery. To a direct question he gave them something like the following answer: 'A singular concatenation of fortuitous circumstances, combined with an unknown modicum of certain essential agents, such as air, sunlight, climate, and other odoriferous compounds, produced by the aggregation of all the agents, and based on the general principle of humanity, resulted in legitimate developments of bone, muscle and wool, and hence a nigger.' The reply of Dr. Bond to the question of an earnest 'Inquirer,' as found below, and copied from the *Christian Advocate and Journal* of last week, is just about as direct and satisfactory."

The answer of the Doctor is too oracular and ambiguous to be understood, without a translation. The philippic of Dr. Lee, of Richmond, is illustrative only. But a document was concocted at Baltimore, the city of concoctions and hard pills, that makes the whole thing luminous. It furthermore defines the doctrines and practise of the Methodist Episcopal Church North, on the American slave trade, by the authoritative action of the body having jurisdiction of the matter.

The Baltimore Conference has adopted, and now acts under, the following infamous provision, which the presiding Bishop endorsed by putting it to vote, and Bishop Hedding defended by refusing to let the New Hampshire Conference censure it. It constitutes, therefore, the slave-trading law of the Methodist Episcopal Church North. Read it, and note how marvellously like the answer of the Doctor, this Baltimore action is. Did he write them both? This is the Methodism of the North! This is the Anti-Slavery position of that church! Who would not fellowship "old Baltimore?"

"That in all cases of administration under the General Rule in reference to buying and selling men, women and children, &c., it be and hereby is recommended to all committees, as the sense and opinion of this Conference, that the said rule be taken, construed and understood so as not to make the GUILT OR INNOCENCE of the accused to depend upon the SIMPLE FACT OF PURCHASE OR SALE of such slave or slaves, but upon the attendant circumstances of cruelty, injustice or inhumanity, on the one hand, or those of kind purposes or good intentions on the other, under which the transactions shall have been perpetrated, and the charge be brought for immorality, and the circumstances be adduced as specifications under that charge."

—*True Wesleyan.*

BROTHER BOYNTON: I learn that some of your brother editors refuse credit to the brief account I gave you of a sale of a woman and child to a trader by a member of the Methodist E. Church. It is unpleasant for me to write articles for papers; it is not in my line; and especially is it unpleasant to speak of wicked practices in a church where I have been a member for forty-five out of fifty-four years of my life. I would far mere willingly, if the cause of truth and justice would allow, take a covering and walking backwards, throw it over the sin, and hide it at once from my own eyes and the eyes of the world.

But the healthy portion of the Christian church should know what outrages are perpetrated within her pale, and with her sanction; and it has therefore become my duty to write the following statement, which you may use as your judgment may suggest.

No disrespect is intended toward any of the individuals named. All except Brady are my acquaintances, and they have treated me with the usual courtesies of society. Mr. D. lives up to the highest church standard around him; and his error is that he allows the church to form his Christian standard, instead of forming it himself from the Bible.

Mr. D., a prominent lawyer, and member of the M. E. Church, resides in Kingwood, Preston county, Virginia. He purchased a slave woman and infant child for $600, to wait on a most amiable and excellent wife. The difficulty of hiring good help was the reason assigned for the purchase. Not long after the purchase, say one or two years, his wife died; and some months after her death, Mr D sold the slave woman and child to a slave-trader named Brady, a man well known in Virginia, of great industry, and an extens

DEATH OF ONE OF THE EDMUNDSON GIRLS.

MESSRS EDITORS: On Thursday evening of this week, I attended the funeral of Miss Mary Edmundson, at the church in this place. President Finney preached the funeral sermon. The associations connected with the occasion rendered it deeply solemn. She was a coloured girl, and the same whose past and painful history, together with that of her father's family, is recorded in the sixth chapter of the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin." Your readers will, perhaps, generally recollect it. She and her sister were among the unfortunate company that attempted to make their escape from Washington City, on the Pearl; but were retaken and sold to the Slave Trader, carried to New Orleans and then back again to Alexandria, where, thanks to the noble efforts of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in raising funds to purchase them at the solicitation of their poor old sorrow-stricken father, they were reclaimed.

Mrs. Stowe sent the two sisters to this place last summer for the purpose of having them educated. They have been here eversince, living in Prof. Cowles' family. After Mary was taken sick, word was sent to her parents, and the father—whose life had been one of continual sorrow—came out in time to see his child die. Before, he had seen her in the hands of the trader, her heart crushed and bleeding as she was unfeelingly forced from his sight. Now "he came," in the expressive language of President Finney, "to see her off to Heaven."

I have seldom had my feelings more deeply moved, or my indignation more thoroughly aroused against the awful sin of Slavery, than as I sat in the church on last Thursday evening and contemplated the sorrowful spectacle, and painful history of the aged father and sorrowing sister, then about to follow the long afflicted and sorely tried one to the grave.

What gave additional point to the occasion, was the fact that a letter had been received the evening before Mary's death, bringing the sad intelligence that a brother had just been sold into the hopeless bondage of the far South. That letter was read in the prescence of the dying girl immediately on its being opened, and before its sad message was known to the reader. It was a thorn that deeply pierced her heart. Her anguish is said to have been intense. Slavery had blighted and cursed her while living, and now it came in its hideousness to mock and agonize her when dying.

Poor girl! Her life has been one of terrible gloom. But notwithstanding all the infernal abuses Slavery has heaped upon her; notwithstanding its ceaseless efforts to crush her body and damn her soul, *she died a Christian*. Though a professedly free government allowed her body to be trampled in the dust, JESUS was the friend of her spirit.

As I witnessed the deep and almost overpowering agony of poor old Paul, the father, and Emeline, her sister, as their minds seemed compelled to gather up all their life-long sorrow and unite it with their present bereavement, I felt like crying out from the bottom of my soul, Oh God! how long shall the almighty weight and curse of Slavery crush and tear into bleeding *strings*, the hearts of the poor! How long will civilized men, aye, more, men who *profess to be Christians*, aid in upholding, by their votes, the great and damnable iniquity of American Slavery. Yours, &c.

—*Cleveland True Democrat.*

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN IN ALABAMA.—The writer of the following letter sends us his name and address:

"——, ALABAMA, May 8th, 1853.

"*To the Editors of the Evening Post:*

"I have just finished a perusal of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I read every word to my wife. I will not attempt to describe to you her feelings. She is an Alabamian; I a Virginian by birth. We are slaveholders. The moment the steamer with George Harris and Eliza, his wife, touched the Canada shore, three shouts for liberty, to the tops of our voices, rent the air.

"Every man, woman and child, white and black, in the southern States, can bear testimony to the truth of the portrait which Mrs. Stowe, God bless her! has drawn of Slavery. One of not the least excellencies of the book is, that a Christian, of the highest style, standing side by side with Wilberforce and Mrs. Hannah More, leads the reader by the hand through the habitations of cruelty that lie before our eyes. He or she can then draw a contrast between the Christian and a mistress and mother, who was some years since a near neighbour of mine, who owned a little negro girl. She would heat the tongs, and pull the flesh off her body with them.

"I durst affirm that if his Satanic majesty were put upon his *voir dire* he would confess that Slavery is one of the works of the devil which Christ was manifested in the flesh to destroy.

"In my opinion, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is destined to have a greater influence for good than any one single book that has been published since the close of the canon of Scripture. Mrs. Stowe, if I may so speak, is an impersonation of our Saviour, going about doing good. The reader at once penetrates the deep meaning of the parable of the servant that took his fellow-servant by the throat, who owed him a few pence; of the good Samaritan, and of Dives and Lazarus. Mrs. Stowe has ended her book just as she should have done. She has suggested no plan of emancipation further than the example of young George Shelby goes. She has left the duty and responsibility just where St. Paul, in his letter to Philemon, left it, on the slave-owner.

"Our warmest thanks and best wishes to Mrs. Stowe, whom generations unborn will rise up and call 'blessed.' Very respectfully, &c."—*Evening Post*, May 24.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN A LIE.—We commend the following, from the Herman (Mo.) *Wachenblat*, a German paper, to the consideration of those moral Northerners who are disposed to join in the cry that 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is a grossly exaggerated story:

"In the neighbouring town of Union a cause has just been tried of which the material facts are these: A man, who had hired a female slave, lost a $10 bill, and could only account for the loss on the supposition that the woman had stolen it. He complained to her owner, who charged her with the theft, and she most explicitly denied it, and continued to protest her entire innocence. The barbarian of an owner then bent her hands backwards, tied them to her feet, and dashed cold water down upon her. She however, persevered in asserting her innocence, and was finally released without having made a confession. She was finally sent back to him who had hired her, who flogged her with a green hickory stick until the stick was split to pieces—still no confession. After the flogging she seized the first opportunity to escape, and crawled on her hands and feet into the bushes, where she was soon after found dead. Her entire back from the neck downward was one single wound, and an examination showed that both lungs and liver were fatally injured by the blows she had received. Her murderer was arrested, tried by a jury of free and enlightened citizens, and—acquitted: It was only a 'nigger' case."

EDUCATION IN VIRGINIA.—The following noticeable paragraph appears in the *Norfolk* (Va.) *Beacon*:

"The officers made a descent yesterday upon a negro school kept in the neighborhood of the stone bridge, by a Mrs. Douglass and her daughter, and the teachers, together with their sable pupils, were taken before his Honour.

They acknowledged *their guilt*, but pleaded ignorance of the law, and were discharged upon a promise to do so no more. The law of the State imposing a fine of $100 and imprisonment for six months for such *offences*, is positive and allows of no discretion in the committing magistrate."

The Philadelphia *Register* says:

"We are intimately acquainted with the ladies alluded to, and our statements are based on actual knowledge of the facts. Mrs. Douglass is a Southerner, by birth, education, and feeling, and has always resided in the South. She has been, if she is not now, a slaveholder, and possesses all the Southern prejudice against the North, and Northern Abolitionism in particular. So far as these matters are concerned, there is not a man or woman in the delectable city of Norfolk who can excel her. At the same time, she is a woman whose heart is as open as the day to every benevolent work, and whose charitable nature is worthy of the profoundest reverence."

Her "negro school," as it is called, arose from her practice of giving verbal instructions to certain coloured children who gathered about her door. This practice became regular, and has continued about a year, it seems. In doing so, she has involved herself in what the Virginians call "guilt," for which she and her daughter were liable to six months' imprisonment, and a fine of one hundred dollars, each. The peculiar institution is a great institution. That's a fact.—*Commonwealth.*

PRETTY CONCLUSIVE.—The New York *National Democrat* speaking of the position of the Hunkers and Barnburners of that State, says, "We must become *Abolitionists* or *they* must give up *Abolitionism*, or *we must separate forever*." That is about what the boy said when he fell into the river—he must either swim out, drown, or stay in and float.—*Lowell American.*

THE ILLINOIS BLACK LAW.—For this infamous enactment that now lies festering to death, of its own inherent corruption, on the pages of the statute book of this State, even the plausible apology plead for it, "down in Egypt," and on the line, is proven to be without a shadow of existence. For the sweeping clauses that consign free men, on free soil, to be hoisted upon an auction-block and sold into bondage, it was held that a law thus stringent was of the first necessity, to prevent the southern part of the State from being overrun with negroes. Now it so appears by returns from the southern counties, including Sangamon, that from 1845 to 1850, there was an actual decrease of 127 persons of colour, while the increase of whites in the same period, and in the same counties, was 48,765.—*N. W. Christian Advocate—Chicago.*

MOB LAW IN VIRGINIA.—The back bone of the mob spirit in Virginia has been broken at last, and by a Quaker. It will be recollected by some that, several years ago, John Cornett, a slaveholder, bailed an Abolitionist named Bacon, accused of some crime—of tampering with the slaves, we believe. For this Cornett, though a slaveholder, was taken by a mob, tied up to a tree and severely whipped. The mob also endeavoured to make him promise to sell his slaves and leave the State. Cornett brought a suit against the mob, but the Court which was to try was broken up by another, headed by the Sheriff. Rev. Jesse McBride now writes to the *Wesleyan* that a friend informs him that Cornett "has brought a suit against more than fifty of the (last) mob; some of them have run off, others of them are trying to sell and leave the country before the suit comes on. The mob has lost the power, and is put down. Friend Cornett has taken all his slaves to Ohio, and freed them."

PREACHING AND PRACTICE.—The West Tennessee *Democrat* is horrified by the impiety of Mrs. Stowe, whom it sets down as a dangerous infidel. In a late article the paper styles her book a "fling at the Christian religion in general, and Southern Methodism in particular."

The pious and zealous editor waxes wroth at the inhumanity of such a publication; but he has no comment upon the following, which appears in the same number of his paper:

"*Blood-Hounds.*—I have two of the finest dogs for catching negroes in the South-West. They can take the trail twelve hours after the negro has passed, and catch him with ease. I live just four miles south-west of Boliver, on the road leading from Boliver to Whitesville. I am ready at all times to catch runaway negroes. DAVID TURNER.

"March. 2, 1853"

It may be that David makes no more pretence to Christianity than the other two animals; but according to the pious editor's standard, he might be a good deacon or elder—on Sundays.

THE EFFECT OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE SLAVE MARKET.—We recommend the following paragraph to the notice of those of our churches who fellowship with the slaveholders:

"The *Fort Gibson* (Mississippi) *Herald* thinks that the disadvantages of religious instruction to slaves are, on the whole, rather more than counterbalanced by its favourable effect on the prices at market. It has been known to make a difference of eight or ten per cent."

Northern professors, believing Slavery justified by the Bible, can now insert a new clause in their daily (?) prayers, to wit, the conversion of slaves intended for the market. It will not only be for the glory of God, but will add from eight to ten per cent to the pockets of their owners!—*Lowell American.*

DECIDEDLY RICH.—There is one paper in the Union which defends the action of Gov. Lane, of New Mexico, in taking possession of the Mecilla Valley. That paper is the *Fairfield* (S. C.) *Herald*, and the following paragraph from it is worthy of attention of readers in Massachusetts, as it refers directly to them:

"We go in for the whole of Mexico, the annexation of Cuba, and the conquest of every foot of soil which can be converted to the use of slaveholders. Uncle Sam is rich, and can afford to buy it; but if any fighting is to be done, we think that New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and Indiana, should be *allowed* to furnish the soldiers, so as to retrieve, *if possible*, the character which the men from those States forfeited in the Mexican war."

Our northern military men can now breath freer, as there is a prospect (if the South can manage to get up another fight with Mexico, for their own benefit) that they can do the fighting once more, and have it said afterwards, as it has been said, that they forfeited their character, and honour, too.—*Lowell American.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†|† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1853.

WE give below the portion which has reached us of the report of the proceedings of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, which was held in Boston, last week. More should have come to hand on Wednesday morning, but, for some unexplained reason, our expectations were disappointed. Our Boston correspondent has sent us *part* of a letter; but as the rest cannot arrive until the very hour when our form must go to press, our readers must wait as patiently as they can for his racy commentary upon the Convention and its doings. They cannot regret this delay more sincerely than we do.

We learn, through private letters and the statements of friends who were present, that the Convention was in all respects one of the best that has been held for many years.

NEW ENGLAND
ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

THE twentieth annual *New England Anti-Slavery Convention* assembled in the Melodeon, Boston, on Wednesday, May 25, and was called to order, at 10 o'clock, by FRANCIS JACKSON, President of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

On motion, the following persons were chosen a Committee to nominate officers of this Convention: Samuel May, Jr., John T. Hilton, and John M. Spear.

Prayer was offered by John M. Spear, of Boston.

While the Committee on the organization of the Convention were out, Henry C. Wright asked leave to offer the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That to vote under the Constitution of the United States is to vote *for* that Constitution, and for every principle and measure therein contained.

Whereas, the Constitution provides (1) that human beings may be represented as property in the government—(2) that they may be seized and reduced to Slavery on each and every foot of territory over which the government holds jurisdiction—and (3) that the whole power of the government may be used to prevent slaves from gaining their liberty by flight or by arms; therefore,

2. Resolved, That all who vote under the Constitution of the United States vote for these provisions in favour of Slavery, and against Liberty.

Whereas, slaveholders are component parts of this confederacy, and have a right to an equal share in its offices, its honours and emoluments; and whereas, the government is based on the principle that the majority shall rule; therefore,

3. Resolved, That all who vote under the Constitution, vote for the slaveholders' right to obtain that majority, and thus to get the control of the government, and to wield it for the support and perpetuity of Slavery to the full extent of what they deem their constitutional power.

4. Resolved, That all such voters, by entering into a political union with slaveholders, virtually pledge themselves to them, that if they do get the control of the government, in a constitutional way, they will not resist the execution of any law they, as the majority, shall see fit to pass in favour of Slavery; but that they will obey it, or peacefully submit to any penalty until the majority can be constitutionally changed in favour of liberty.

5. That to assert that the Constitution is an Anti-Slavery document, and that it was not designed and does not tend, in any of its provisions, to secure slaveholders in their right of property in their slaves, is to give the lie to the Convention that formed that instrument; to the uniform decisions of its authorized expounders, the Judges of the Supreme Court; to the uniform testimony of the legislative and executive houses of the government, and to the facts of history, so far as they bear on this question.

6. That those who thus construe the Constitution, while they remain in the Union, as parts of its governing power, are guilty of treachery to their slaveholding confederates, inasmuch as these were given to understand that instrument as favouring and securing their rights as *slaveholders*, and inasmuch as they would not have entered into the confederacy, had they, moreover, thought the Constitution was to receive an Anti-Slavery construction.

Whereas, in his recent discussion with Wendell Phillips, Horace Mann declares that an oath to support the Constitution is to be received as God, being a party to the oath, sees it to be understood by the person making it; therefore,

7. Resolved, That we enter our earnest protest against such a construction of oaths, as a sanction of the principle of mental reservation.

8. Resolved, That an oath to support the Constitution actually means just what the party making it intends that the party for whose benefit it is made shall receive it.

9. Resolved, That to give our oath to slaveholders, that we will help them execute the Constitution in favour of Slavery, provided *they, having the majority, shall so interpret it*, and then to violate our oath when they actually do get the majority, and do thus construe it, is to swear to do what we have no intention of doing, and thus to commit perjury with intent to deceive.

MR. WRIGHT spoke at some length in support of these resolutions.

JAMES N. BUFFUM inquired if Abolitionists and Free Soilers did not stand on precisely the same footing, with regard to agreeing to execute and obey the laws, or suffering the penalty of disobedience.

MR. WRIGHT replied, that the Free Soiler, by his vote, agrees that the laws and the Constitution shall be executed as the slaveholders wish, if they [the slaveholders] get the majority. The Abolitionist agrees to no such thing, and refuses to become a partner to any such arrangement.

Mr. DAVIS, of Manchester, N. H., wished to append another resolution to Mr. Wright's series, to the effect that we have no right to *live* in this country, as we cannot do so without paying taxes, &c., and so helping support the Constitution and the Government.

MR WRIGHT objected to this, as it related to an entirely different point, and, however intended, its effect is to divert attention from the point of the resolutions already offered. Let Mr D. present his resolution, if he wishes, in an independent and separate form.

Mr. DAVIS reiterated his former position, and said if Free Soilers were involved, by voting, in the guilt of Slavery, Mr. Garrison and *his children* were equally so, by the use of the post-office, paying taxes, &c.

CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, in an able and logical speech, answered the remarks of Mr. Davis. Mr. Burleigh argued the pro-slavery character of the United States Constitution and Government.

Rev. DAVID A. WASSON, of Groveland, maintained that, whatever pro-slavery be in the United States Constitution, still, by voting under the Constitution, he did not support those evil things to which, by the very conditions of his vote, he was known to be opposed. A Free Soil vote, said he, is known everywhere as a vote against Slavery, and the person giving it cannot be understood by any intelligent man as an accomplice with slaveholders. As an illustration of his meaning, Mr. Wasson said, that on entering an omnibus, he might see a notice posted up in it that, as payment for his ride in it, he must not only give the usual sum of money, but must also kiss the driver's toe. He certainly should refuse to do any such thing, at the end of the ride, and should hold himself under no obligation to do it.

STEPHEN S. FOSTER, of Worcester, at the close of Mr. Wasson's speech, said he would like to ask two questions of the last speaker—to which Mr. Wasson readily assented. Mr. Foster said, Let me ask the gentleman if, previous to entering the omnibus, he were required to take an oath to kiss the toe of the driver, would he take this oath, provided he did not mean to do the thing? Again—How is it to be known, by the other voters all over the country, what parts of the Constitution the gentleman means to support?

To the last question, Mr. Wasson said that it must be known, all over the country, that every Free Soil vote is a vote against Slavery, and against every pro-slavery provision in the Constitution. To the first question, Mr. Wasson, it is believed, did not reply; if so, it was not understood.

C. BRAMHALL, of Boston, in reply to a remark of Mr. Wasson that the slaveholders feared Horace Mann much more than they did Mr. Garrison, asked what Free Soiler had ever had *five thousand dollars* offered for his head, as was done in the case of Mr. Garrison by the Legislature of the State of Georgia.

Mr. GARRISON said he saw new proof of the goodness of God's Providence, in that this very Constitution, contrived for the support and continuance of Slavery, was, by the discussion it provoked, opening the eyes and hearts of thousands and tens of thousands of men to a more careful consideration of their duties to their fellow men. Mr. G. argued against the assumption that the ballot is a gift from God, which a man cannot refuse to use. Mr. G. declared that every ballot had, in fact, a *bullet* in it, inasmuch as the government, to sustain which it is given, relies upon physical force, in the last resort, to execute its purposes. Mr. G. wondered to hear Mr. Wasson exalt so disproportionately the value and power of the ballot, and speaking so slightingly of *talking*, of that weapon, the tongue, upon which apostles and reformers had relied to save the world. Did these men accomplish nothing in their day? Did Jesus, who had no ballot, effect nothing? And the apostles? And Luther and his unenfranchised associates? Did not all these men glory in the power which lay in the *foolishness of preaching*?

Voted, To refer the resolutions, presented by H. C Wright, to the Business Committee.

The Committee on the organization of the Convention, through John M. Spear, reported the following as the officers of the Convention:

President—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Vice-Presidents—Edmund Quincy, Dedham; Charles Lenox Remond, Salem; Francis Jackson, Boston; John T. Sargent, Boston; J. M. Flint, Randolph, Vt.; Peter Libby, Buxton, Me.; Daniel Mitchell, Pawtucket, R. I; Eliza J. Kenny, Salem; John T. Hilton, Brighton.

Assistant Secretaries—Samuel J. May, Jr., Boston; Alonzo J. Grover, Abington.

Business Committee—Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Parker Pillsbury, Stephen S. Foster, Sallie Holley, Charles C. Burleigh, Andrew T. Foss, Henry C. Wright, Lucy Stone, Thomas Haskell.

Finance Committee—James N. Buffum, Nathaniel B. Spooner, Joshua T. Everett, Elbridge Sprague, Joseph Merrill.

The foregoing were unanimously chosen as the officers of the Convention.

On motion of SAMUEL MAY, Jr.,

Voted, That the hours of meeting be 10 o'clock, A. M., 2 3-4 P. M., and 7 1-2 in the evening.

Adjourned to the afternoon.

AFTERNOON.—FRANCIS JACKSON, a Vice-President, in the chair.

HENRY C. WRIGHT, after reading the resolutions, said he would occupy a few moments, while the audience were assembling, in explaining the positions taken in the resolutions. It would be seen that the first resolution affirmed the doctrine that to vote under the Constitution was to vote for the Constitution, on the principle that the Constitution is the bill of instructions from the voters to their representatives. The voters were the governing power of the nation, and every man who votes at the polls is bound to uphold the governing power. The Constitution is his bill of instructions to his representatives—the President, the Supreme Court, and Congress. The Constitution tells them within what limits they are to keep, in their official capacity. He did not mean that the Constitution was to be a law of life to the persons, in their private capacity, but that it was a bill of instructions for them to follow in their official capacity. If this construction was set at naught, the very idea of a constitutional government is absurd.

It was stated there in the forenoon, that each man was to interpret that Constitution according to his own conscience, and then vote only for so much of the Constitution as his own conscience approved. Well, his friend gave one set of instructions to his agent—his conscience allows one thing; Mr. Mann allows another; Mr. Sumner allows another. Each voter gives his own construction of the document to his agent, and demands that he shall execute *his* instructions, and no more; if he executes more than his instructions, the voter is not to be held responsible for what his agent does over and above his instructions! This, they would see, annihilates the very idea of constitutional government. Government was just this: the voters are the governing power. Not being able to meet to carry out their ideas of government in a body, they choose agents to do it for them, and write down how far they are to go. Now comes up the agent, and says to his constituents, 'Who is to interpret this Constitution for me?' and that was the question he (Mr. Wright) would have his friend Spooner or the friend who spoke in the morning (Rev. Mr. Wasson) answer. Who was to interpret the Constitution? Was each individual to interpret it? Was the agent to interpret it for himself alone? Or would they provide the interpreter to decide what the Constitution means, and then hold their agent to abide by it? The latter was the plan this nation had adopted. The Constitution, in one of its most elaborate and judicially worded articles, defines the power of the Supreme Court, and expressly lays it down as a principle, that, in all cases, the decision of that Court shall be final. The business of their agent, the Executive, was to execute the decision of their authorized expounder, the Supreme Court; and unless they adopted that rule of action, they annihilated the government. He repeated, the business of the Executive was to execute the decision of the Supreme Court, and none other; because if they authorized him to give his own decision, they must confer upon him discretionary power, and the government would be turned into a despotism.

Rev. DAVID A. WASSON, of Groveland, said that there had been some difference of opinion manifested in the morning, in reference to the position of Mr Giddings. He had since looked over his speeches, and found a declaration which he thought from the interpretation put upon his (Mr. G.'s) views, by some of the other speakers. He then quoted Mr. Giddings, to the effect that, in the last resort, he would appeal to the God of battles rather than give up a fugitive; that he was a man of peace, but no non-resistant, and would sooner have the ashes of his hearth deluged with blood than that a fugitive slave should be torn from its protection and sent back to bondage.

HENRY C. WRIGHT remarked that perhaps he could state Mr. Giddings' position. That gentleman had recently published, in Ohio, several articles, in which he gives his definition of the powers of the Constitution touching the Fugitive Slave Law. He says, that when the Marshal, or any other authorized agent, comes to Jefferson (the town in which he resides) in pursuit of a runaway slave, and asks his assistance, he is under no obligations to obey him; when he comes and forbids him to entertain a fugitive slave, he is under no obligation to obey. But when the agent comes, and says, 'Hands off! stand aloof! let me take my slave!' Mr. Giddings says his hands are tied, he cannot lift a finger, within the Constitution, to protect him.

Mr. WASSON said that seemed quite conclusive in regard to the opinion of Mr. Giddings, and he was willing to pass it by. In the morning, he had taken the position that certain evils being allowed in the Constitution, as perfectly foreign to its spirit, he might rightfully use the powers which that instrument recognised as invested in him, provided he did it under protest in reference to the evil. It had been replied, that this was recognising the old principle of 'doing evil that good may come.' Mr. Garrison had said that he (Mr. W.) advocated sinning for the purpose of bringing about a good result. But the very point was, whether that is sinning. He did not say that he would do so much evil that he might bring about such a good; but he asked if this use of a right recognised in the Constitution was sin; and it was not by bringing up that old principle that he could be silenced.

The Constitution had made no evil. If the Constitution had given it no recognition whatever, the wrong would have remained. We needed a government for purposes which had no connection with Slavery. In the process of the formation of that Government, the element of Slavery came in to disturb them. Very weakly and wrongfully, as he thought, the framers of the Constitution had consented to exercise towards that evil a certain tolerance. He did not think that it could be shown that there was any *active* tolerance at all. On the contrary, there was a strong determination not to give it any active recognition.

Now, when he came to exercise his rights as a citizen under the Constitution, he found an embarrassment; he found that it might be understood as giving some sanction to Slavery, while his very object in exercising his rights was to put that evil down. The question was (said Mr. W.), is it a sin, is it a wrong for me to use what powers I can under the Constitution, while I do so under protest against whatsoever evils it tolerates? He did not think it was.

Some remarks had been made in reference to 'mental reservations.' He agreed with the resolutions under discussion, that it was the duty of every man to make his position thoroughly understood. If there was room for this man or the other to suppose that in voting under the Constitution, he gave in his adhesion to the system of Slavery, then he was bound clearly to define his position. But, having made himself thoroughly understood, he did not see that there was any 'mental reservation' in the matter that could be stigmatised as Jesuitical.

He regarded it as a great loss, as a great wrong to give up a power which rightfully belonged to us, and which we exercised against an evil which we abhorred. What right had any one to surrender such a power? Let it not be supposed that the Constitution created that right; it only recognised it, and provided a form under which that right should be exercised. The point that he urged was that we were under obligation to use that right, so long as we could do so, without being practically misunderstood, and that if we refused to exercise it, we committed a great wrong to ourselves and to our neighbour. To this it was made answer, that the publication of truth is the greatest agency in the world; that Jesus and the apostles had the tongue alone, that Luther had no ballot. All this was very true; but it remained true, also, that in all practical reforms there was a progressive movement from the era of speaking to the era of doing. It was very well to resort to the tongue at first; but when we have got public opinion on our side, we wanted some means by which that opinion shall pass into law, and so we go to the ballot-box.

But the friends on the opposite side said, 'No! you must put that agency away.' They threw us back upon the tongue alone. The tongue alone would never emancipate the slaves at the South. The tongue might wag for ever, and all to no purpose; but the time must come—and it *had* come—when the opinion of men must find its way into deeds. And now he asked to be shown why it was that he was to be denied the use of a power for that purpose which he found in his hands, and which was rightfully there?

Again, it was said that we had come out from the Whig party, the Democratic party, and the Church, and now it is time to come out from the State. It seemed to him that there was a wide difference here. The parties were purely voluntarily and temporary in their character—made for convenience alone; they imply no power whatsoever—give none, take none. The Church, it seemed to him, was of that character; an organization that we need apply not for any powers which we exercise under it, but simply for the moral influence it can exert. If he found that that moral organization was false to its trust, it was his duty to separate himself from it. If he found that the Whig party or the Democratic party did not carry out its principles, he should separate from it, and seek some other organization, with which he could act. But the State was a very different thing. The State was an organization which provided a form for the exercise of powers which we had a right to exercise, and in separating ourselves from the State, we cripple ourselves; we cut off our own hands; we leave ourselves no faculty but that of speech. The question with him was, Had he a right to lay down this power at the feet of men whom he knew would abuse it? And when he saw that power which he might have held and exercised for the redemption of the slave going to sustain Slavery, what plea should he make to himself—how satisfy his own conscience that he had done his duty?

Finally, it was said that the Constitution was a bill of instructions, and that there must be some harmony and concord in the interpretation that we shall give to it. He was not a lawyer, and could not say what was right in respect to the interpretation of the Constitution; but he supposed that the interpretation of the Supreme Court was binding on the Executive department of the Government acting under it; he supposed it was not the law to the private citizen. Whether that was a valid distinction or not, he was willing to leave an open question. But here was an instrument of which there were different interpretations. One class of men believed that it decidedly sustains a great evil; another class believe that it only tolerates this evil, and that the shortest and best method of freeing ourselves from that evil is to use the powers we have under that instrument. We find a man who holds this latter opinion, we understand each other perfectly, and we choose him to represent us. We do not choose about whose interpretation of the Constitution we are in doubt; but we choose a man because we know he holds to a certain interpretation of that instrument, and we never should elect him to office except upon that ground; and he fully understand us. Where, then, was the great guilt that had been talked about in this Convention? Do we doubt at all, when Charles Sumner goes into the Senate of the United States, whether he goes as a pro-slavery or an anti-slavery man? Did the friends there have any doubt upon the subject? and had they not found his course just what they expected?

There was a certain limit in government which must be recognised; and he maintained that by his action under any government, he did not pledge himself to violate his conscience. However heretical this distinction might seem to some, he was fully persuaded that it was one which must be recognised. He would say to the slaveholder, 'I will tolerate you in your seat in Congress till I can oust you. Let there be no misunderstanding between us. I do not recognise your right to represent slaves there, but I will tolerate you in that position until I can cast you out!' Whenever there came a law that represents not the spirit of the Constitution, but what is worst in the letter of the Constitution, he would fall back upon his individual right, and say, 'I will never execute it.' That was his position, and he was ready to exercise the powers he had under this government until such an exigency should arise as forced him back upon his reserved right as a man, when he should act in the way he had indicated.

If, then, there was such a distinction as he had set forth—if, by tolerating, under protest, a man in a certain position, he cleared himself from all guilt attached to that position—then he was right, and no blame attached to him. If he tolerated him, under protest, for the express purpose of putting an end to the wrong, he obeyed his own conscience; where was the wrong? That was his question, now and always.

He would say, in conclusion, that in regard to the question of the interpretation of the Constitution, he was ignorant enough not be sensible, and he meant to have the full advantage of his ignorance. As he understood the matter, it was his duty to use his right of suffrage for the purpose of putting away the evil of Slavery. The Constitution did not create the evil, but only agreed, for a certain time, to tolerate it; while it put within our hands the very means for putting it away. He meant to comply with the spirit of that Constitution. He was willing, under a protest which no man could misunderstand, to pass by the evils which belong to the Constitution, casting them off from himself; and he did it for the express reason that he saw his shortest way of putting an end to them by pursuing this course. Where was the wrong? Yet his friends, in obedience to what he deemed a peccadillo of conscience, refused to exercise the power in their hands. If the day should ever come when the vote of Northern freemen might set the slaves free, and his friends should still hold the position they now do, and say, 'No! no! I shall be understood to imply consent to Slavery'—might not every slave at the South rise up and say, 'Our blood be on your garments' (Cheers)?

C. C BURLEIGH said that with the force of logic and the force of moral sentiment which his friend had manifested, he only needed to discover the flaw in his premises, in order to stand side by side with them on the ground of 'no Union with Slaveholders.' It seemed to him that the erroneous conclusion to which his friend came was attributable to his want of appreciation of the difference between government, an artificial thing, made by man, and society, a natural outgrowth of human nature. It seemed to him that he (Mr. W.) confounded the distinction between the right to vote in the manner prescribed by the Constitution, and the right to express his opinions and exert his influence, in a natural way, on every subject which concerns human welfare. In his mind, there was a broader and clearer distinction between these two things than between some things which his friend had held up as distinct. He (Mr. B.) denied at the outset that man had a natural right to *vote*, using that word in its technical sense; using it in its broader sense, he admitted that every man had a right to vote; and in that sense, no more effective vote is ever cast, in its bearing upon the politics and religion of this nation, than that which was cast upon that platform, from lips denouncing the Constitution which gives tolerance to Slavery, denouncing the government which makes itself the engine of oppression to three millions of our fellow countrymen. There had been few votes cast in the ballot-box which deserved to be compared, in weight, in influence, with the vote which was cast every week in the columns of the *Liberator*. If his friend used the word 'vote' in this broad signification, he did not touch the controversy between them; but if he used it in its narrower signification, if he meant to affirm that every man had a natural right to vote, and was bound to vote, even if the vote carried with it a virtual assent to the Constitution, then he dissented altogether from the proposition. Indeed, he did not see the perfect consistency of the preceding speaker, for at one time he told him that his right to act at the ballot-box was not derived from the Constitution, that it belonged to him as a man, as a member of the social organization—belongs to him as one capable of influencing and of being influenced; and then he told him that he (Mr. B.) was guilty of a dereliction of duty because he did not go to the polls and vote under a Constitution which, while it tolerated some evil, gives him a power which he might use for the removal of that evil. He believed that he (Mr. W.) stated the exact truth in regard to the source of the power which he conceived he had to use the ballot-box, or which he can have, while the Constitution is recognised as the bond of our political organization.

If this was a matter of opinion, he (Mr. B.) had upon his side the opinion of the vast majority of the people of this country, and the authority of all previous history. The government was based upon a far different ground from that upon which the former speaker would place it. No man can be a party to any government unless he consents to the conditions which the government prescribes. If he lives under an absolute monarchy, he cannot get any official station, or any political power at all, unless he will conform to the conditions prescribed by the will of the absolute monarch. If he lives in our many-headed despotism, which we call Democracy (leaving out the *on*), he is bound to conform to the conditions which the majority of the people prescribe, in the form which they have chosen; and he gets no political power, rightfully, legally and constitutionally, in any other way.

Now, the argument of his friend was based on his own opinion of the right theory of government, unsustained by any proof of its correctness. Thus he had set up his ideal government in the place of the actual government. They had to deal with the thing just as it was. The Constitution says you shall not exercise any powers which belong to this government unless you conform to its conditions. But the friend had said—not in these words, but, resolved into its elements, this was what he said—'I have a right to govern you whether you are willing or not. I have a right to do all I can to be your President, although you utterly repudiate my sentiments.' He could not admit any such principle. No one could rightfully do this without his consent. There was no such thing as freedom among a people where the majority had the right to say who should be the ruler, without any regard to the consent or the dissent of the minority. When we came together, therefore, in this governmental organization—which is the artificial thing which society is not—we come upon certain plainly expressed conditions; and one of these was, that every party to that government shall swear to support, directly or indirectly, a Constitution which requires the giving up of runaway slaves to their masters—a Constitution which requires the recognition of the right of the slave States to a representation based on slave-property—and so on through the whole range of the pro-slavery compromises of the Constitution.

He understood his friend's logic to prove this: if it were true that the Constitution is an artificial thing, that the government organized under it is an artificial thing; if it be true that the powers which we have to act politically are derived from the Constitution, and that government do not belong to us by divine and original right, then it is true that we are bound by the conditions prescribed in the Constitution; and he maintained that if we could not belong to that government, we must repudiate its Constitution and fall back upon our original rights, and exert our influence for righteousness and truth. It seemed to him, after all, that there was some little doubt as to whether they could, by remaining in the government, effect more good than by withdrawing from it and uttering their testimony against it. Until, therefore, his friend had established his theory of government, not merely as a beautiful ideal, which ought to be put in practice, but one that is recognised in this country, it seemed to him that his conclusion stood solely upon this basis—in order to do a great right, do a little wrong; or, at least, *promise* to do it, without meaning to keep the promise.

His friend had said, in the course of his argument, that there was no danger of their being misunderstood on this matter. Their position was clear and well-defined enough. He (Mr. B.) would venture to say that if he (Mr. W.) were to go through the ranks of the Free Soil party, and ask its members, man by man, to define the position of John P. Hale, or Salmon P. Chase, or Charles Sumner, on the character of the Constitution, he would be satisfied that the case was not quite so clear as he had supposed. He would venture to say that he (Mr. W.) would not get less than half as many distinct answers than he would address individuals.

We wanted something specific on this point, but his friend had dealt only in generalities. John P. Hale is decidedly Anti-Slavery in his feelings; Charles Sumner altogether on the side of Freedom and against Slavery. He presumed nobody doubted it; but that did not touch the question at issue. He remembered that, some years ago, the Liberty Party nominated as a candidate for office a man who had made more sacrifice to the cause of freedom than Mr. Hale and Mr. Sumner together; and yet, that man told him, in conversation, that he would not only promise to give back a runaway slave to his master, if he could thereby get political power, but that he would *keep* the promise, for the sake of securing a place where he could exercise political power. Now, he did not know what John P. Hale's sentiments were on this subject; but it might be possible that he agreed with Thomas Earle, that it is perfectly consistent for a pledged Anti-Slavery man to go into the business of slave-catching, in a certain case, for the sake of securing and using political power against Slavery As he had not come to the conviction that he could tolerate and protect the slaveholder so far, even for the sake of office, he could not consent to be represented in the Presidency, or the Senate Chamber, or the House of Representatives, by men who occupied that position. He did not say that Mr. Hale *does* regard the matter in that light; but could any man say he *did not*? Could any man say he was confident that Mr. Hale, or Giddings, or Sumner, or Chase, or any Free Soil man in Congress, would not, upon clear satisfaction given to a jury of twelve men, here in old Massachusetts, that a person claimed as a fugitive actually did run away from the slaveholder, who held him according to the statute book of a Southern State—did any man know that either of these distinguished gentlemen would refuse to give up that man, by State action, or by some sort of action, to the pursuing claimant? He thought there was no one there who could say it. These men, it was well known, were strenuous for securing the right of trial by jury, for alleged runaway slaves. But why should they ask for a jury trial to settle the question of ownership, if their decision was not to be executed? It was the sheerest mockery to call the jury together in such a case. The controversy of these gentlemen was not so much with the act of returning the fugitive as with the mode of doing it.

Did not Mr. Summer, in that great and eloquent speech of his, know that his readers would understand him, when he did not deny the obligation of the State to give up the runaway slave, as admitting that such a right does exist? All these men had admitted, that if the proof be made clear to the minds of a jury of twelve men, that if a fugitive was legally held as a slave, under the provisions of the Constitution, and escaped without his master's consent, then the slave must be given up

verthrow of Slavery, and said, suppose we get the public sentiment on our side, there is still the law against us. But what was the law against the public opinion of the land? When the public sentiment had come to be decisively and earnestly on the side of freedom—when they had men everywhere who stood up to the line, 'No compromise with Slavery—No Union with slaveholders'—then they would see that the Constitution, if they attempted to wreath it round the slave, was weaker than a rope of sand, and the Fugitive Slave Law more powerless than the rust which crumbled to fine powder last year (loud cheers).

[To be continued.]

THE ANNIVERSARY.

We cannot with the crowd go up to-day,
With feeling human half, yet half divine,
To lay our offering on a temple-shrine,
And own our brethren of a kindred clay,
Whate'er their colour be: but, Father, may
Not the lone soul, though the heart pine,
And its clay tenement lay all supine,
With as warm energy, and wise trust, pray?
We see the tokens in our valley dark,
As out we peer from the o'erhanging thorn
Wreathing our brow, upon that clearer morn
Whose dawning radiance we, grateful, mark,
Though still obscured by many a murky cloud,
That Freedom wakeneth from the Ages' shroud.

May 11th, 1853. A. P. C.

AN ANTI-SLAVERY CHURCH.

With the organization, creeds, forms and observances of Churches, Anti-Slavery Societies have no right to intermeddle, any further than the Churches themselves choose to set those creeds, forms and observances in array against the cause of freedom and as a protection for slaveholders or their apologists; and even then we have no right to involve our Societies in the general discussion of such matters, but only to assert the immutability of our principles, and that, involving as they do the inalienable rights of man and the laws of fundamental morality, they can neither be postponed nor set aside to subserve the ends of any party or sect. We may affirm the obvious truth, that whatever, in any sect or party, is found to be hostile to the cause of humanity, and opposed to the freedom and happiness of the enslaved, is thereby proved to be not of God, and, consequently, unworthy of conservation. The assertion of these fundamental truths will be quite sufficient to baffle those who would stop the Anti-Slavery car in order to protect their sectarian or party arrangements.

The American Anti-Slavery Society has ever been true to itself and to its professions in this regard. It has indeed arraigned the Churches at its bar, but its indictment of them has had respect solely to their action or inaction upon the question of Slavery. Disclaiming the right to interrogate them in relation to their creeds and forms, we have simply entreated them to be so far true to their own Christian professions as to cast the weight of their influence on the side of the oppressed, and not on the side of the oppressor. When our entreaties have been disregarded, and we have found the Churches, in spite of all that we could do or say to bring them to repentance, voluntarily continuing to be the bulwarks of Slavery, we have called upon the friends of humanity to come out and be separate from them. When our admonitions were heeded, and multitudes abandoned the Churches because they could no longer remain members without violating their consciences, pro-slavery ministers and laymen, and the pro-slavery religious press, set up the cry that Abolitionists were infidels and the enemies of all religious associations; and in proof of this false charge, they pointed with an air of triumph to the fact, that those who seceded from the popular Churches under our influence did not at once establish new Churches in harmony with their Anti-Slavery views See, said they; these men are the enemies of *all* religious order, else why do they not organize religious institutions? To this we have replied that it was not the business of Abolitionists, as such, to form Churches; that they were compelled to deal with so-called religious institutions only as existing facts, without entering at all into the nature of their organization and forms, and that our Society must leave individuals free to act upon such matters according to their convictions. We could demand of them only that, whether in a Church or out of a Church, they should be true to the slave We have pointed, however, to the whole history of the Anti-Slavery movement as a proof that it originated in the deepest and strongest religious feelings and convictions, and that it is pervaded and animated by a reverential spirit toward God and his laws. While we have gloried in the fact that there was nothing in our organization to exclude even an infidel who might feel impelled to unite with us in opposing Slavery, we have still declared in the face of the world, in the language of the Declaration of 1833, that "OUR TRUST FOR VICTORY IS SOLELY IN GOD."

But while in our organic relations, as Abolitionists, we have nothing to do with the religious creeds and opinions of one another, we must yet watch with deep interest whatever movements in the religious world seem likely to contribute any degree of influence, however small, toward the consummation of the great work in which we are engaged; and we must feel a special interest in any religious movements that may be made by those who have been detached from pro-slavery churches by Anti-Slavery means. For this reason we should deem ourselves derelict in a duty we owe to our readers if we failed to apprise them of the proceedings of a Religious Conference, held at Kennett, Chester Co., Pa., on the 22d, 23d, 24th and 25th ultimo. It called together a very numerous and highly intelligent assembly, composed in large part of those who had been members of the Society of Friends, but embracing some originally from other sects, and more who were members of no religious society. The object of the Conference, as set forth in the call, was the formation of a Religious Association or Church, more in harmony with the reformatory and progressive spirit of the age than any of the sects existing in that part of the country. That object was attained in manner and form as anticipated by those who initiated the movement. A body was instituted, under the name of the "Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends," upon a platform so broad as to invite to membership and co-operation all who acknowledge the brotherhood of the human race and their own duty to define and illustrate their faith in God, not by assent to a creed, but by lives of personal purity and works of charity and beneficence to mankind. Allowing the widest latitude to individuals in matters of speculative faith, the association thus formed seeks for union and harmony in works of practical goodness and charity—not in saying 'Lord, Lord,' according to a prescribed form, but in DOING THE THINGS WHICH JESUS COMMANDED. Whether this is a proper and adequate basis for a Church, it is not for us to say; but it affords us pleasure to state that the body had no sooner finished its organization than it began to deal, as every religious organization ought to do, with the great moral evils of the time, Slavery among the rest. Composed as it is for the most part of intelligent men and women, who have long been engaged in efforts to make mankind wiser, better and happier, we are sure that on the question of Slavery its influence will be extensively felt, and therefore we heartily rejoice in its formation, regarding it as an auspicious sign of the times, a cheering augury of the day which must sooner or later arrive, when the whole religious influence of our country shall be on the side of humanity and freedom, instead of being exerted, as it now is, for the most part, on the side of despotism and Slavery.

The proceedings of this new Anti Slavery Church, embracing an Exposition of Sentiments, Testimonies against War, Slavery, Intemperance, Capital Punishment and Tobacco, and letters from Wm. Lloyd Garrison, S. J. May, J. G. Forman, T. W. Higginson, Gerrit Smith and Cassius M. Clay, will soon be issued in a pamphlet, to which we commend our readers for further information.

DISCUSSION.—A public debate will take place in a grove in Penn township, Chester Co., Pa., on the 7th and 9th days of the present month, between the Rev. Mr. Orvis, of New London, and C. C. Burleigh, upon the following question: "Are the American Church and Ministry a Brotherhood of Thieves?" Of course we need not say on which side the disputants are respectfully ranged. We know nothing of Mr. Orvis, but Mr. Burleigh's fame as a speaker will no doubt attract a large audience.

TROUBLES OF REV. S. IRENÆUS PRIME.

Our readers have been apprised of the appointment of Rev. S. I. Prime, editor of the New York *Observer*, as one of the delegates of the American Bible Society to the May Anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The prominence of Mr. Prime as a leader of the religious wing of the pro-slavery party in the United States, and his virulent abuse of Abolitionists in general, and Mrs. Stowe in particular being well known in England, have subjected him to trials which, however perplexing to himself, were not unexpected by those who knew the state of feeling and opinion in that country in respect to Slavery, its apologists and defenders. On the first page we have copied from the *Independent* an article embodying some pungent extracts from an editorial in the London *Morning Advertiser*, whereof Mr. Prime and his relations to the Anti-Slavery cause and to the British Bible Society were the subject. Our readers will naturally wish to learn what was the effect upon Mr Prime of this and other similar expressions of British opinion, as to the manner in which he should be received by the English people. The following extract from a most lugubrious editorial in the last New York *Observer*, throws at least a partial light upon that point:

> In advance of his arrival, his abolition friends in this country had sent out the important intelligence that he was coming out as a pro-slavery man, and an opponent of Mrs. Stowe and her Uncle Tom's Cabin. In the present excited state of the public mind in Great Britain on the subject of American Slavery in general, and of Uncle Tom in particular, this was enough to ensure him a warm reception. Public meetings were held in honour of his coming, and resolutions adopted, remonstrating against his appearance in Exeter Hall. Auxiliary Societies sent up their protests, and a communication was received by the British and Foreign Bible Society, stating that "a body of men was organized" to take measures to drive him from the platform, if he should appear. All this seemed to him and to his friends exceedingly ridiculous, and particularly malignant, considering the state of his health, which utterly forbade his participating in the excitement of such an occasion. One of the London daily papers, the *Morning Advertiser*, was particularly fierce in its denunciations of Mr. Prime as a pro-slavery man; and the people of Great Britian were earnestly called upon to prevent him from being heard. It was therefore greatly to be regretted that his feeble health made it necessary for him to decline the public contest to which these attacks invited him, and which he was most anxious to meet. His American friends rallied round him in great numbers, and proposed a public meeting to express their sense of the treatment received, and of the insults offered to their country, but the wisest course seemed to be to let the storm blow over, in the hope that an opportunity would occur to enlighten the public mind on a subject on which it was so profoundly ignorant and so intensely prejudiced. In the intercourse of private life Mr. Prime was treated with great courtesy; but the friends of the Bible Society were sorely troubled lest his public appearance on their platform should prove the signal for a riot. He sent his credentials to the Bible Society, accompanied by a note saying, that owing to the state of his health, he would not be able to participate in the public exercises of the meeting, to which he received no reply.
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> The Rev. Mr. Cook of the American Tract Society, Rev. Dr Vermilye of New-York, and Rev. Dr Nelson of Mass., were all assailed by name, on account of their alleged indifference or hostility to the Anti-Slavery movements in America; but none of these gentlemen had the honour of being posted as opponents of Uncle Tom. This distinction was reserved for another, and it served to make him the mark of the most violent but harmless abuse.
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> The *Observer* has of course made out as good a story for Mr. Prime as it could. That he kept away from Exeter Hall solely or chiefly on account of his ill health, we do not believe. He would no doubt have gone there eagerly enough if the British and Foreign Bible Society had honoured his credentials and invited him to a seat on the platform. It is a fact worth mentioning, that while the *Observer* parades his illness as the reason for declining to attend the meeting, Mr. Prime himself, in another part of the paper, writing from Portsmouth, says: "I am again on land, *in far better health than when I left my friends on the other side.*" As he was well enough up to the time of starting from home to keep up his abuse of Abolitionists, and as he got better on the way, we must be excused for suspecting that he had reasons for keeping out of Exeter Hall which the *Observer* would gladly conceal.
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> The *Observer* grows affectingly solemn in recounting the trials of its absent editor, and is even apprehensive that poor John Bull is likely to plunge himself into a war with the United States, if his subjects don't stop reading and praising Uncle Tom's Cabin and calling American parsons to account for their pro-slavery offences. Only read:
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> There exists at the present time among the masses of the people of Great Britain a bitter hatred of Americans. The appearance of Uncle Tom's Cabin has created or brought out a deadly hostility to this country. Such feelings of enmity are considered by Abolitionists as indicative of a good work, and it is encouraged; nay, they are doing all they can to make it more violent by way of frowning upon Slavery. Those of high rank in England have also deemed it for their interest to increase the excitement and fan the flame of hostility. Mrs. Stowe's book has been, in their estimation, a perfect god-send to the friends of despotism in Europe. Noble lords and ladies have most freely lent their services to the work of fostering in the minds of the people, and greatly by means of this book, a feeling of intense hatred to a land in which the hereditary and exclusive claims to nobility are not acknowledged. With all the history of the past, and with all the present before us, it would be a stretch of charity to suppose that they are actuated by a pious horror of oppression, and a love of true liberty for all mankind. The thought is rather ludicrous than otherwise.
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> But the course which the British nation is taking at the present time, while it is doing us no harm excepting to bring out the latent enmity of John Bull for his transatlantic cousins, is fraught with danger to themselves. They who have been sowing the wind may ere long reap the whirlwind as the fruit of their toil. There is danger that an explosion of the pent-up enmity between the two countries may take, and no human wisdom can save us from national collision unless the present agitations abroad are arrested. The danger is not to us, but to England. France is watching for the favourable hour to make war upon her hereditary foe, and the chosen hour of all will be that in which America is alienated from England, and perchance ready to make common cause with her ancient ally. May God arrest such a crisis, but those who are in the best position to know the state of feeling between the two countries have fears for the worst.

JANE TRAINER.—The case of this unfortunate child has been decided by Judge Duer, so far as he felt that he had the power to decide it He listened to the pleas of counsel on both sides, and then ruled that as the child was only before him on writ of *habeas corpus*, he had only to ascertain if she were illegally restrained of her liberty, and that not appearing to be the fact, he dismissed the case altogether. To whom the custody of the child rightfully belonged was a question not within his jurisdiction, but must be decided by the Supreme Court, and therefore he gave the custody of it to neither party. This was, in effect, a decision against the father, as Jane was then in the keeping of the woman, Porter, and Brady, her counsel, threatened, in open court, that any attempt to take possession of her would be unsafe—a fact which was evident enough, as the woman was surrounded by a gang of that class of scamps, her friends, who frequent brothels, and find fit companionship in their keepers. That a little girl ought to be taken from such company is clear enough, not only at the demand of her father, but of anybody who cares for the good order of society, and had she been white we have not the least doubt the Judge would have found the law authorizing him to do so, or if not, would have assumed that he had the power which, in similar cases constantly arising, is assumed by police justices. It is only just however to him to state that he proposed to both parties that the child should be put into his hands and he would provide a proper person for her care and education, but even this proposition the woman was not disposed to accept, unwilling to give up a victim which she could turn to profitable account either in the slave-market or in the shambles of shame. Whether any steps have been taken to carry the case before a tribunal of recognised authority to settle it, we have not learned, but, unless Trainer and his friends are very active, the ingenious Mr. Brady will take care that his client will be where no writ will reach her.

COLOURPHOBIA IN BOSTON.—Some time ago, Mrs. Remond, wife of our friend, Charles Lenox Remond, and one of her sisters (and perhaps some one else), after purchasing tickets for an operatic performance at the Howard Athenæum, were excluded from the seats they had engaged and from the house by force. The parties brought suit against Mr. Palmer, Madam Sontag's agent, and Mr. Philbrick by whose aid they were removed, for assault, &c., in the Police Court, Judge Russell presiding. The defendant pleaded custom as a justification, but it was shown that coloured persons had been frequently admitted, without objection, to other places of amusement, and that, consequently, this exclusion was not a 'custom' in Boston, in the legal sense of the word. Without deciding whether or not the opera company had a right, upon adequate notice, to exclude any class of persons from any part of the house, on account of colour, occupation or dress, the Court held that the exclusion in this case was illegal, because the tickets were sold unconditionally, and that the company must stand by their contract, and give to every ticket-holder, of whatever nation, colour or condition, the place which he had bought. The defendant having acted under a misstake of law, and the prosecutors not asking for more than a nominal punishment, Mr. Palmer was fined $1 and costs, and Mr. Philbrick $1 without costs. The fines were paid.

Subsequently, Mrs. Remond, as we learn from the *Commonwealth*, brought a civil suit against them to recover damages A friend of Palmer's then applied to her counsel to have the case settled. She agreed to accept a small sum, on the express condition that she and the friends who accompanied her should have tickets for the opera to as good places as they had originally purchased on the night they were ejected. These terms were complied with, and she, with her friends, attended the opera on a subsequent evening. The small sum paid, which did not defray the actual expenses incurred by Mrs. Remond and her sister, was not to make money by the suit, but to vindicate a right. That object being completely gained by their admission to the opera, they very cheerfully discharged their claims against Pamler.

☞ IN the London Police Reports a case appears wherein an attempt was made to turn Mrs. Stowe's popularity to a profitable use by one of the "begging-letter" swindlers. One Sarah Hunter was handed over to the Police for writing the following note:

> Mrs. H. B. Stowe presents her most respectful compliments to Sir Duncan McGregor, and under an unexpected emergency, takes the liberty of confidentially begging the immediate aid of £20 through the Post Office, which favour will be most gratefully felt and acknowledged. Mrs. H. B. S. entreats that this communication may be secret, and under all future circumstances such, and, if immediately bestowed, will ever be remembered as a service of no ordinary character. A trustworthy person will call for Sir Duncan's reply.

Sir Duncan McGregor, however, was doubtful that Mrs. Stowe could be in such want, or be compelled to resort to such means to relieve it; so Sarah did not get the money, but did get into the Police Court.

FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.—The first number of this new monthly, (8p. quarto) the prospectus of which lately appeared in our columns, has been issued. It is published by Dr. Bailey at the office of the *National Era*, and will be composed chiefly of articles from that paper, selected with special reference to the object revealed by its title. The terms are as follows: Six copies to one address for a year, $1; 20 copies, $3; 100 copies, $12. Its circulation will 'help the cause along.'

CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED BY MRS. STOWE.—We find the following paragraph in the last number of *Frederick Douglass' Paper*.

> We are authorized to state that the contributions, now being made in various parts of the British realm, as a testimonial to Mrs. H. B. Stowe, will be accounted for hereafter through the columns of *Frederick Douglass' Paper*—Mrs. Stowe having signified to the contributors that they should look to our columns to know what disposition is made of their donations.

THE NEW SCHOOL PRESBYTERIANS, in their General Assembly at Buffalo, regardless of the Compromises, have got up a furious agitation upon the Slavery question. We have no room for particulars this week. A proposition to appoint a Committee to inquire into the facts concerning Slavery in the Southern portion of the Church was at first indefinitely postponed by the operation of the previous question; but this raised such a storm among the members from the West that the leaders got frightened, reconsidered the subject, and finally passed the measure with some modifications. The Southerners now threaten secession. We shall see ere long what they will do.

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA — The Fourth Annual Announcement of this institution is on our table. We are pleased to learn that the prospects of the College were never so bright as at the present time. Many of the difficulties incident to the first organization of such an institution have at length been surmounted, and in the character and energy of the corporators, and the well-known qualifications of the professors, the public have a guarantee that it will soon take a high rank among the medical schools of the country. Two of the chairs are filled by women—that of Physiology by Ann Preston, M.D., and that of Obstetrics by Martha H. Mowry, M.D., of Providence. Miss Almira L. Fowler, M.D., of this city, has been appointed Demonstrator of Anatomy. The other members of the Faculty, Drs. Johnson, Harvey, Darlington, Fussell and Kerr, bear a high reputation. Persons desiring more particular information should address David J. Johnson, M.D., 229 Arch street, Philadelphia.

DR. BAILEY, Editor of the *National Era*, sailed for Europe, in the Baltic, on Saturday last, with the intention of being absent three months. Dr. Elder, of Philadelphia, will aid meanwhile in the conduct of the paper.

GERMAN ANTI-SLAVERY PAPER.—The American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society proposes to establish at Washington a weekly newspaper in the German language, to be conducted by Frederick Schmidt, a native German, and to be devoted to the support of the Free Democratic party.

A YOUNG PEOPLE'S REFORM CONVENTION is to be held at Conneautville, Pa., on the 10th and 11th of June. The Convention will no doubt take strong action against Slavery. Many of the best 'twigs' in Northern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania are getting 'bent' in the right direction.

TEMPERANCE MOVEMENTS.

NEAL DOW is giving lectures in the central portions of this State.

——The New York State Temperance Society will hold its anniversary in Rochester, on the 16th inst.

——The New England Conference of the M. E. Church, at its late session in Boston, after passing resolutions in favour of the Maine Law, resolved to send five delegates to represent the Conference at the World's Temperance Convention.

——The Madison County Temperance Society, on motion of Gerrit Smith, has passed a resolution inviting the friends of Temperance to meet in Albany on the 8th inst., for the purpose of promoting the passage of the bill reported to the Legislature by Mr. Rose. Mr. Smith was appointed one of the delegates to attend on behalf of the Society.

——Two drunken women were seen in the street in Watertown, Jefferson Co., a few days since One of them was kept from falling into the ditch by the exertions of her daughter, 12 or 13 years of age!

——John B. Gough is giving lectures in New Jersey. He is going to Europe in a few weeks.

——In Michigan, the friends of the new Prohibitory Law are working with might and main to secure its ratification by the people. Their chance for victory is thought to be good.

——Rev. J. P. Lovejoy, the anti-Maine Law parson, has been dismissed from his pastoral charge in Cambridgeport, Mass.

——The Temperance papers of the country, so far as we have observed, with the exception of the New York *Organ*, do not approve the action of the Brick Church meeting whereby women were excluded from all active participation in the movements preliminary to the World's Temperance Convention. The *whole* World's Convention is as fixed as any fact in the future can be.

——The Women of Franklin County, Ohio, have formed a Temperance Society, auxiliary to the Women's State Temperance Society.

OBITUARY.

JULINA LYON, daughter of Henry H. Lawson, of Berne, N. Y., and wife of John W. Lyon, died at her residence in Cleveland, N. Y., May 24, 1853, aged 47 years.

Mrs. Lyon, at an early age, was led into the "old paths" of Truth, and guided by the Holy Spirit. Her confidence in God was strong, her devotion to primitive Christianity unwavering, and her solicitude for the elevation of the race knew no death. Humanity had her prayers, her tears, and her labours. National boundaries, ecclesiastical lines of demarkation, were risen above, and untrammelled by, sectarianism or bigotry, wherever "a broken heart was to be bound" up. Wherever sympathy was to be felt, and wherever amelioration was demanded, there was her mission, and with the spirit of a martyr, she responded heartily to her impressive obligations. The slave found in her the spirit of a Wilberforce or a Clarkson. The hand of fellowship could not be given to any church that would not earnestly struggle "to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free;" and no civil enactment that was at war with the claims of God could have her endorsement or obedience.

Publicly and privately her testimony against "the sum of all villanies" was clear and decided. The panting fugitive found her home a welcome Bethel.

Every friend of the crushed and down-trodden could rely confidently upon her devotion to principle, and her ceaseless anxiety to hasten the day of universal freedom.

The intemperate also had her active sympathy; their wives and widows had her hearty commiseration, and their children found her a mother worthy of the name. The erring she strove to win to total abstinence, and the unfallen were affectingly pointed to their only defence. All that a woman could do to give triumph to the "Maine Law," to suppress the use of inebriating drinks as a beverage, was unhesitatingly performed.

Of the rights of her own sex she was fully apprised, and laboured unweariedly to secure their universal acknowledgment. By the fireside, at the social gathering, and in the halls of public concourse, her tongue was eloquent in their support. She asked them as a privilege; she demanded them as a God-given right.

Indeed, as all reforms have their home in a pure heart, it will suffice to say that she sought to love God supremely, and "her neighbour as herself."

As a wife and as a mother, she had but few equals, and still fewer superiors. Her seven children may ever feel it a virtuous ambition to tread in the footsteps of their deeply lamented mother. They will feel it a priceless privilege to gather up her lessons of piety and of wisdom, and deposit them in the heart's undying affection.

The grief-stricken husband, who has actively associated with the deceased in all contemplated improvements of private or of public life, as he mourns crushed hopes, and surveys the enlarged area of his obligations, will trust most firmly in God and be able to say:

> "So the tomb
> Shall be my blessed instructor, and I'll go,
> Sadder, yet wiser, to my work again,
> Amid the changeful ministries of life."

As reform laments a standard-bearer, and as Christianity weeps the removal of an unchanging votary, the inquiry arises, upon whom has her mantle fallen? And echo answers—whom.

"Fear not, little flock!". "Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end."

> "Life is real, life is earnest!
> And the grave is not its goal;
> Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
> Was not spoken of the soul."

Cleveland, May 25, 1853. J. A. FOSTER.

HON. N. L. TOWNSHEND.—The Cleveland *True Democrat* says Dr. Townshend, the late Free Democratic member of Congress, from the Lorain District, Ohio, has abandoned the practice of medicine, and become a farmer in Avon, Lorain county, where he will devote his time and talents to making a model farm.

LARGE EXPORTATION OF BREADSTUFFS.—The Exports of flour from New York, from January 1st to May 1st, were 529,925 barrels, against 239,961 barrels same time last year; and of wheat, 840,311 bushels, against 449,123 bushels same time last year.

MISS ANTONETTE L. BROWN preached to a crowded audience in the Methodist Church on Sunday last. We did not hear her, but her discourse is highly spoken of. We understand that some people are disturbed that so many infidels turned out to hear her. They deem it suspicious.—*Salem (Ohio) Bugle.*

HORACE GREELEY.—A correspondent of the Manchester *Mirror* states that, within the past year, Horace Greeley has paid a debt of his father's contracting in his native town of Amherst, New Hampshire, with compound interest. The father was poor and died when Horace was quite young; the original debt was less than $100, but the payment amounted to between $700 and $800.

RHODE ISLAND SENATOR. — The Legislature of Rhode Island have elected Gov. Phillip Allen, who was an active Free Soiler in 1848, and has *never* endorsed the Fugitive Slave Law, United States Senator for six years from the 4th of March next.

IT is said that Madame Sontag has distributed over six thousand dollars in private charities since her arrival in the United States. She has realized about $60,000 from her professional services during the same period. Madame S. retires into private life after her American tour.

AT the presentation of the complimentary silver service to Mayor French, at New Bedford, on Saturday evening, the Hall was densely crowded. Mr. Jeremiah B. Sanderson made the presentation speech which was very excellent. Mr French felicitously responded. A committee of twelve was raised to carry the pitcher to Mr. French's house. The inscription is as follows: "Presented to Hon. Rodney French, by the colored citizens of New Bedford, as a testimonial of their gratitude for his noble position in their behalf—May, 1853."

THE "Advocate of Peace" for May, published by the American Peace Society at Boston, contains a full account of the great Peace Convention held at Manchester last January, at which it was nobly resolved to raise ten thousand pounds, $50,000, for the vigorous prosecution of the work.

THE OLDEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD. — The Charleston *Standard* thinks that Mrs. Singleton, now living in the Williamsburg district, in that State, is the oldest woman in the world. She is now in the *one hundred and thirty-first* year of her age. Her mental faculties are still unimpaired.

AN INTERESTING LAW QUESTION.—The Boston *Journal* says it stated that the life insurance upon persons who were killed at Norwalk amounts to $30,000, and the life insurance companies have determined to prosecute the railroad company to collect their losses. This will raise a novel and interesting question of law.

A MRS. MANN of Lawrenceville, Penn., applied for and received the appointment of Post-Mistress. There were several other applicants, but Mrs. Mann, without consulting her friends at home, wrote to powerful friends at Washington, stating that she based her claim not upon the fact that she was a widow with nine children dependent upon her for support, but demanded it as her right as a citizen. She has received it, and my friend assures me of her perfect ability to manage the business of the office. I admire her spirit, and doubt not that a woman who has sense enough to demand her rights will be able to sustain them.—*Corres. of the Lilly.*

ON Tuesday last, the Massachusetts House of Representatives rejected, by a vote of 115 to 111, a resolve on its passage to be engrossed, appropriating ten thousand dollars for the erection of a statue to the memory of Daniel Webster. If it had been adopted by the Legislature, an earthquake outbreak of moral indignation would have been felt throughout the Commonwealth. Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold are just as deserving of a statue as Daniel Webster. A motion to reconsider the vote was rejected in the House, on Wednesday, by an increased majority.—*Liberator.*

HORACE MANN and Wendell Phillips have been telling truth about each other in Garrison's *Lie-berater*. The latter has at length backed out, intimating through an editorial of Mr. Garrison, that he intends making "no further replication to anything Mr. Mann may say." Now this, it seems to us, is not in keeping with the character of a true Abolitionist. The crisis demands courage, perseverance and plainness of speech; in other words, "calling things by their right names." We really hope that Mr. Phillips will reconsider his purpose, and give Mr. Mann a few more shots under the 5th rib. Mann deserves it; and will give Phillips no more than he deserves in return. We are decidedly of the opinion that the public good will be promoted by a full and free discussion between the parties.—*Journal of Commerce.*

The wit of the *Journal of Commerce* is excruciating. Our paper, forsooth, is the "*Lie-be-rater.*" Very good and very true, and therefore very creditable. To "berate" a "lie" is to anathematize and scout it: hence our frequent scourging of the *Journal of Commerce* for its unscrupulous mendacity. —*Ed. Lib.*

CHARLES HILL, a coloured man, arrived at Liverpool, from Boston, in the "Parliament" line, about three weeks ago, and represents himself to have escaped from Dr. Allen, of Baltimore; saying also, that his wife is owned by Rev. M. Johnson, a Presbyterian clergyman of Baltimore, who will sell her for eight hundred dollars. Subscriptions have been set on foot for Hill, who, in the mean time, has attached himself to a Panorama of "Uncle Tom," where he exhibits several diabolical instruments, "made at Liverpool under his directions," to show how the slaves are punished.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN has been dramatized at Turin, under the title of "La Campanna del Tio Tom." It is imitated from the Ambigu drama of Paris, Mrs. Stowe's romance being left to take care of itself. The success of "Povero Tom" is said to have been immense.

RELIGION AND BLOOD HOUNDS.—There is to be found by those who have the enterprise to make the necessary exploration, somewhere in that far off and not-very-highly civilized commonwealth known as West Tennessee, a slightly dilapidated city, which rejoices in the name of Bolivar. And in this city, there is published a periodical, *weekly* in more respects than one, distinguished among its cotemporaries as the West Tennessee *Democrat*, a copy of which, of the date of March 9, having reached these benighted regions, has been kindly furnished to us by a friend. In this journal, we find a most slaughterous review of a work now largely before the public known as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The editor, who seems to have invested his whole capital both of literature and indignation in the essay, seems bound not only to write down the work, but to destroy at once the character and fortunes of its author. It is charged with having the most mischievous tendencies as being designed "to sink the social relations of the slave population of the South to a level with the uncared for and penniless white of the North," the pious editor at the same time, with all the faithfulness of a true son of the church, setting it down as "a fling at the Christian Religion in general, and Southern Methodism in particular."

We fear we should do injustice to that regard which the editor and those whose sentiments he expresses, feel for the Christian Religion, if we did not place in juxtaposition with these highly spiritual views, and as an excellent practical commentary upon their fervency, the following advertisement, which we copy from another column of the same journal, leaving appropriate reflections to be added by our readers, according to the several degrees of growth in grace:

BLOOD-HOUNDS.

I have two of the finest dogs for catching negroes in the South-West. They can take the trail twelve hours after the negro has passed, and catch him with ease. I live just four miles south-west of Bolivar, on the road leading from Bolivar to Whitesville. I am ready at all times to catch runaway negroes. DAVID TURNER.

March 2, 1853.—*Cincinnati Atlas.*

Call for a Coloured National Convention.

FELLOW CITIZENS: In the exercise of a liberty which, we hope, you will not deem unwarrantable, and which is given us, in virtue of our connection and identity with you, the undersigned do hereby, most earnestly and affectionately, invite you, by your appropriate and chosen representatives, to assemble at ROCHESTER, N. Y., on the 6th of July, 1853, under the form and title of a National Convention of the free people of colour of the United States.

After due thought and reflection upon the subject, in which has entered a profound desire to serve a common cause, we have arrived at the conclusion, that the time has now fully come when the free coloured people from all parts of the United States, should meet together, to confer and deliberate upon their present condition, and upon principles and measures important to their welfare, progress and general improvement.

The aspects of our cause, whether viewed as being hostile or friendly, are alike full of argument in favour of such a Convention. Both reason and feeling have assigned to us a place in the conflict now going on in our land, between liberty and equality on the one hand, and Slavery and caste on the other—a place which we cannot fail to occupy without branding ourselves as unworthy of our natural post, and recreant to the cause we profess to love Under the whole heavens, there is not to be found a people which can show better cause for assembling in such Convention than we.

Our fellow-countrymen now in chains, to whom we are united in a common destiny, demand it; and a wide solicitude for our own honour, and that of our children, impels us to this course of action. We have gross and flagrant wrongs against which, if we are men of spirit, we are bound to protest. We have high and holy rights, which every instinct of human nature and every sentiment of manly virtue bid us to preserve and protect to the full extent of our ability. We have opportunities to improve—difficulties peculiar to our condition to meet—mistakes and errors of our own to correct—and therefore we need the accumulated knowledge, the united character, and the combined wisdom of our people to make us (under God) sufficient for these things. The Fugitive Slave Act, the most cruel, unconstitutional and scandalous outrage of modern times—the proscriptive legislation of bevaral States with a view to drive our people from their borders—the exclusion of our children from schools supported by our money—the prohibition of the franchise—the exclusion of coloured citizens from the jury box—the social asrriers erected against our learning trades—the wily and vigorous efforts of the American Colonisation Society to employ the arm of government to expel us from our native land—and withal the propitious awakening to the fact of our condition at home and abroad, which has followed the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—call trumpet-tongued for our Union, co-operation and action in the premises.

Convinced that the number amongst us must be small, who so far miscalculate and undervalue the importance of united and intelligent moral action, as to regard it as useless, the undersigned do not feel called upon here for an argument in its favour. Our warfare is not one where force can be employed; we battle against false and hurtful customs, and against the great errors and opinions which support such customs. Nations are more and more subject to the enlightened and energetically expressed judgment of mankind. On the subject of our own condition and welfare, we may safely and properly appeal to that judgment. Let us meet, then, near the anniversary of this nation's independence, and enforce anew the great principles and self-evident truths which were proclaimed at the beginning of the Republic.

Among the matters which will engage the attention of the Convention, will be a proposition to establish a NATIONAL COUNCIL of our people with a view to permanent existence. This subject is one of vast importance, and should only be disposed of in the light of wise deliberation. There will come before the Convention matters touching the disposition of such funds as our friends abroad, through Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, may appropriate to the cause of our progress and improvement. In a word, the whole field of our interests will be opened to enquiry, investigation and determination.

That this may be done successfully, it is desirable that each delegate to the Convention should bring with him an accurate statement as the number of coloured inhabitants in his town or neighbourhood—the amount of property owned by them—their business or occupation—the state of education—the return of their school privileges, and number of children in attendance, and any other information which may serve the great purposes of the Convention.

In order that no community shall be represented beyond its due proportion, it is intended that the Convention shall only be composed of regularly chosen delegates, appointed by public meetings, and bearing credentials signed by the President of said meetings.

It is recommended that all coloured churches, literary and other societies, banded together for laudable purposes, proceed as once to the appointment of at least one, and not more than three, delegates to attend the National Convention. Such persons as come from towns, villages or counties, where no regular delegate may have been chosen, shall be received and enrolled as honorary members of the Convention.

James W. C. Pennington,	New York City.
Henry M. Wilson,	"
Charles B. Ray,	"
James McCune Smith,	"
William J. Wilson,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Junius C. Morell,	"
John N. Still,	"
Amos N. Freeman,	"
Jacob P. Morris,	Rochester, N. Y.
Frederick Douglass,	"
William H. Topp,	Albany, N. Y
Stephen Myers,	"
George T. Downing,	Providonce, R. I.
William Joeson,	"
John N. Smith,	"
John Mercer Langston,	Ohio.
William H. Day,	"
David Jenkins,	"
John J. Gaines,	"
Martin R. Delany,	Pennsylvania.
Charles L. Reason,	"
J. J. G. Bias,	"
J. B. Vashon,	"
Daniel Ruggles,	New Bedford, Mass.
L. Kelly,	"
Robert Morris,	"
H. O. Wagoner,	Illinois.
E. P. Robers,	Newark, N. J.
George De Baptist.	Detroit, Mich.
Benjamin Lynch,	Troy, N. Y.
S. S Baltimore,	"
Isaac Cross,	Connecticut.
George Garrison,	"

BUELL & BLANCHARD, Washington, D. C., have now ready for delivery,

MANUEL PEREIRA;
OR,
The Sovereign Rule of South Carolina.
WITH
Views of Southern Laws, Life, and Hospitality.

Written in Charleston, S. C., by F. C. Adams.

The above work forms a beautiful 12mo. volume of over 300 pages, small pica. Price—in paper, 50 cents; muslin, 75 cents. The usual discount to the Trade. Orders solicited. Copies sent by mail, pre-paid, any distance under 3,000 miles, for 61 cents.

The above work is a delineation of the scenes and incidents connected with the imprisonment, in 1852, of Manuel Pereira, steward of the British brig Janson, in the jail of Charleston, S. C.

The following notice of this work is copied from the *National Era* of February 17:

"The above is the title of a work now in press, founded upon that infamous statute of South Carolina, by which her citizens claim a right to imprison *coloured seamen*, of all nations, and even those cast upon their shores in distress. We have perused the book in advance of its publication, and find that it gives a like-like picture of Pereira, the vessel in which he sailed, the storms she encountered, and her wrecked condition when brought into the port of Charleston, S. C.; together with the imprisonment of Pereira several seamen belonging to the New England States, and two French seamen; the prison regimen, character of the Charleston police, and the mendacity of certain officials, who make the law a medium of peculation. The work is replete with incidents of Southern life and character, pointing Southerners to the things that call for correction at their own hands, with a force that cannot be mistaken. The work is written by one who has taken a prominent part in the affairs of the South, and cannot fail to interest alike the general reader, commercial man and philanthropist."

Any newspaper inserting the above advertisement, and sending a copy containing it to Buell & Blanchard, Washington, D. C., will have a copy of the work sent it, postage paid. Address BUELL & BLANCHARD, Washington, D. C.

Female Medical College of Pennsylvania.

FOURTH ANNUAL SESSION.

THE next course of lectures in this Institution will commence on Saturday, October 1st, 1853, and continue *five months* (21 weeks) closing on the 25th of February, 1854.

FACULTY.

David J. Johnson, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology.
Ellwood Harvey, M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine.
Hilbern Darlington, M. D., Professor of Surgery.
Ann Preston, M. D., Professor of Physiology.
Edwin Fussell, M. D., Profess

Miscellaneous Department.

FRIENDS IN NEED, AT CRANFORD.

It was an example to me, and I fancy it might be to many others, to see how immediately Miss Matey set about the retrenchment which she knew to be right under her altered circumstances. While she went down to speak to Martha, and break the intelligence to her, I stole out with my letter to the Aga Jenkyns, and went to the Signor's lodgings to obtain the exact address. I bound the Signora to secrecy; and indeed, her military manners had a degree of shortness and reserve in them, which made her always say as little as possible, except when under the pressure of strong excitement. Moreover (which made my secret doubly sure), the Signor was now so far recovered as to be looking forward to travelling and conjuring again, in the space of a few days, when he, his wife, and little Phœbe, would leave Cranford. Indeed, I found him looking over a great black and red placard, in which the Signor Brunoni's accomplishments were set forth, and to which only the name of the town where he would next display them was wanting. He and his wife were so much absorbed in deciding where the red letters would come in with most effect (it might have been the Rubric for that matter), that it was some time before I could get my question asked privately, and not before I had given several decisions, the wisdom of which I questioned afterwards with equal sincerity as soon as the Signor threw in his doubts and reasons on the important subject. At last I got the address, spelt by sound; and very queer it looked! I dropped it in the post on my way home; and then for a minute I stood looking at the wooden pane with a gaping slit, which divided me from the letter but a moment ago in my hand. It was gone from me like life—never to be recalled. It would get tossed about on the sea, and stained with sea-waves perhaps; and be carried among palm-trees, and scented with all tropical fragrance; the little piece of paper, but an hour ago so familiar and commonplace, had set out on its race to the strange wild countries beyond the Ganges! But I could not afford to lose much time on this speculation. I hastened home, that Miss Matey might not miss me. Martha opened the door to me, her face swollen with crying. As soon as she saw me, she burst out afresh, and taking hold of my arm she pulled me in, and banged the door to, in order to ask me if indeed it was all true that Miss Matey had been saying.

"I'll never leave her! No! I wont. I telied her so, and said I could not think how she could find in her heart to give me warning. I could not have had the face to do it, if I'd been her. I might ha' been just as good for-nothing as Mrs. Fitz-Adam's Jopley, who struck for wages after living seven years and a half in one place. I said I was not one to go and serve Mammon at that rate; that I knew when I'd got a good Missus, if she didn't know when she'd got a good servant—"

"But Martha!" said I, cutting in while she wiped her eyes.

"Don't 'but Martha' me," she replied to my deprecatory tone.

"Listen to reason—"

"I'll not listen to reason," she said, now in full possession of her voice, which had been rather choked with sobbing. "Reason always means what some one else has got to say. Now I think what I've got to say is good enough reason. But, reason or not, I'll say it, and I'll stick to it. I've money in the Savings' Bank, and I've a good stock of clothes, and I'm not going to leave Miss Matey. No! not if she gives me warning every hour in the day!"

She put her arms akimbo, as much as to say she defied me; and, indeed, I could hardly tell how to begin to remonstrate with her, so much did I feel that Miss Matey in her increasing infirmity needed the attendance of this kind and faithful woman.

"Well!" said I at last—

"I'm thankful you begin with 'well!' If you'd ha' begun with 'But,' as you did afore, I'd not ha' listened to you. Now you may go on."

"I know you would be a great loss to Miss Matey, Martha—"

"I telled her so. A loss she'd never cease to be sorry for," broke in Martha, triumphantly.

"Still she will have so little—so very little—to live upon, that I don't see just now how she could find you food—she will even be pressed for her own. I tell you this, Martha, because I feel you are like a friend to dear Miss Matey—but you know she might not like to have it spoken about"

Apparently this was even a blacker view of the subject than Miss Matey had presented to her; for Martha just sat down on the first chair that came to hand, and cried out loud (we had been standing in the kitchen).

At last she put her apron down, and looking me earnestly in the face, asked, "Was that the reason Miss Matey wouldn't order a pudding to-day? She said she had no great fancy for sweet things, and you and she would just have a mutton chop. But I'll be up to her. Never you tell, but I'll make her a pudding, and a pudding she'll like too, and I'll pay for it myself; so mind you see she eats it. Many a one has been comforted in their sorrow by seeing a good dish come upon th' table."

I was rather glad that Martha's energy had taken the immediate and practical direction of pudding-making, for it staved off the quarrelsome discussion as to whether she should or should not leave Miss Matey's service. She began to tie on a clean apron, and otherwise prepare herself for going to the shop for the butter, eggs, and what else she might require; she would not use a scrap of the articles already in the house for her cookery, but went to an old tea-pot in which her private store of money was deposited, and took out what she wanted.

I found Miss Matey very quiet, and not a little sad; but by and bye she tried to smile for my sake. It was settled that I was to write to my father, and ask him to come over and hold a consultation; and as soon as this letter was dispatched, we began to talk over future plans. Miss Matey's idea was to take a single room, and retain as much of her furniture as would be necessary to fit up this, and sell the rest; and there to quietly exist upon what would remain after paying the rent. For my part, I was more ambitious and less contented. I thought of all the things by which a woman, past middle age, and with the education common to ladies fifty years ago, could earn or add to a living, without materially losing caste; but at length I put even this last clause on one side, and wondered what in the world Miss Matey could do.

Teaching was, of course, the first thing that suggested itself. If Miss Matey could teach children anything, it would throw her among the little elves in whom her soul delighted. I ran over her accomplishments. Once upon a time I had heard her say she could play, "*Ah! vous dirai-je, Maman*," on the piano; but that was long, long ago; that faint shadow of musical acquirement had died out years before. She had also once been able to trace out patterns very nicely for muslin embroidery, by dint of placing a piece of silver-paper over the design to be copied, and holding both against the window-pane, while she marked the scollops and eyelet holes. But that was her nearest approach to the accomplishment of drawing, and I did not think it would go very far. Then again as to the branches of a solid English education—fancy-work and the use of the globes—such as the mistress of the Ladies' Seminary, to which all the tradespeople in Cranford sent their daughters, professed to teach. Miss Matey's eyes were failing her, and I doubted if she could discover the number of threads in a worsted-work pattern, or rightly appreciate the different shades required for Queen Adelaide's face, in the loyal wool-work now fashionable in Cranford. As for the use of the globes, I had never been able to find it out myself, so perhaps I was not a good judge of Miss Matey's capability of instructing in this branch of education; but it struck me that equators and tropics, and such mystical circles were very imaginary lines indeed to her, and that she looked upon the signs of the zodiac as so many remnants of the Black Art. What she piqued herself upon, as arts in which she excelled, was making candle-lighters, or "spills" (as she preferred calling them), of coloured paper, cut so as to resemble feathers, and knitting garters in a variety of dainty stiches. I had once said, on receiving a present of an elaborate pair, that I should feel quite tempted to drop one of them in the street, in order to have it admired; but I found this little joke (and it was a very little one) was such a distress to her sense of propriety, and was taken with such anxious earnest alarm lest the temptation might some day prove too strong for me, that I quite regretted having ventured upon it. A present of these delicately-wrought garters, a bunch of gay "spills," or a set of cards on which sewing-silk was wound in a mystical manner, were the well-known tokens of Miss Matey's favour. But would any one pay to have their children taught these arts? or indeed would Miss Matey sell, for filthy lucre, the knack and the skill with which she made trifles of value to those who loved her? I had to come down to reading, writing, and arithmetic; and in reading the chapter every morning she always coughed before coming to long words. I doubted her power of getting through a genealogical chapter, with any number of coughs. Writing she did well and delicately; but spelling! she seemed to think that the more out-of-the-way this was, and the more trouble it cost her, the greater the compliment she paid to her correspondent; and words that she would spell quite correctly in her letters to me, became perfect enigmas when she wrote to my father. No! there was nothing she could teach to the rising generation of Cranford; unless they had been quick learners and ready imitators of her patience, her humility, her sweetness, her quiet contentment with all that she could not do. I pondered and pondered until dinner was announced by Martha, with a face all blubbered and swollen with crying.

Miss Matey had a few little peculiarities, which Martha was apt to regard as whims below her attention, and appeared to consider as childish fancies, of which an old lady of fifty-eight should try and cure herself. But to-day everything was attended to with the most careful regard. The bread was cut to the imaginary pattern of excellence that existed in Miss Matey's mind, as being the way which her mother had preferred; the curtain was drawn so as to exclude the dead-brick wall of a neighbour's stables, and yet left so as to show every tender leaf of the poplar which was bursting into spring beauty. Martha's tone to Miss Matey was just such as that good rough-spoken servant usually kept sacred for little children, and which I had never heard her use to any grown-up person. I had forgotten to tell Miss Matey about the pudding, and I was afraid she might not do justice to it; for she had evidently very little appetite this day; so I seized the opportunity of letting her into the secret while Martha took away the meat. Miss Matey's eyes filled with tears, and she could not speak, either to express surprise or delight, when Martha returned, bearing it aloft, made in the most wonderful representation of a lion *couchant* that ever was moulded. Martha's face gleamed with triumph, as she set it down before Miss Matey with an exultant "There!" Miss Matey wanted to speak her thanks, but could not; so she took Martha's hand and shook it warmly, which set Martha off crying, and I myself could hardly keep up the necessary composure. Martha burst out of the room; and Miss Matey had to clear her voice once or twice before she could speak. At last she said, "I should like to keep this pudding under a glass shade, my dear!" and the notion of the lion *couchant*, with his currant eyes, being hoisted up to the place of honour on a mantelpiece, tickled my hysterical fancy, and I began to laugh, which rather surprised Miss Matey.

"I am sure, dear, I have seen uglier things under a glass shade before now," said she.

So had I, many a time and oft; and I accordingly composed my countenance (and now I could hardly keep from crying), and we both fell to upon the pudding, which was indeed excellent, only every morsel seemed to choke us, our hearts were so full.

We had too much to think about to talk much that afternoon. It passed over very tranquilly. But when the tea-urn was brought in, a new thought came into my head. Why should not Miss Matey sell tea—be an agent to the East India Tea Company which then existed? I could see no objections to this plan, while the advantages were many—always supposing that Miss Matey could get over the degradation of condescending to anything like trade. Tea was neither greasy nor sticky—grease and stickiness being two of the qualities which Miss Matey could not endure. No shop-window would be required. A small genteel notification of her being licensed to sell tea would, it is true, be necessary; but I hoped that it could be placed where no one could see it. Neither was tea a heavy article, so as to tax Miss Matey's fragile strength. The only thing against my plan was the buying and selling involved. While I was giving but absent answers to the questions Miss Matey was putting—almost as absently—we heard a clumping sound on the stairs, and a whispering outside the door; which indeed once opened and shut as if by some invisible agency. After a little while Martha came in, dragging after her a great tall young man, all crimson with shyness, and finding his only relief in perpetually sleeking down his hair.

"Please, ma'am he's only Jem Hearn," said Martha, by way of an introduction; and so out of breath was she, that I imagine she had had some bodily struggle before she could overcome his reluctance to be presented on the courtly scene of Miss Matilda Jenkyns' drawing-room.

"And please, ma'am, he wants to marry me off-hand. And please, ma'am, we want to take a lodger—just one quiet lodger, to make our two ends meet—and we'd take any house conformable; and, oh dear Miss Matey, if I may be so bold, would you have objections to lodging with us? Jem wants it as much as I do." [To Jem]—"You great oaf! why can't you back me? but he does want it all the same very bad, don't you, Jem? only, you see, he's dazed at being called on to speak before quality."

"It's not that," broke in Jem. "It's that you've taken me all on a sudden, and I didn't think for to get married so soon—and such quick work does flabbergast a man. It's not that I'm against it ma'am" (addressing Miss Matey), "only Martha has such quick ways with her, when once she takes a thing into her head; and marriage, ma'am—marriage nails a man, as one may say. I dare say I shan't mind it after it's once over."

"Please, ma'am," said Martha, who had plucked at his sleeve, and nudged him with her elbow, and otherwise tried to interrupt him all the time he had been speaking, "don't mind him, he'll come to; 'twas only last night he was an-axing me, and an-axing me, and all the more because I said I could not think of it for years to come, and now he's only taken aback with the suddenness of the joy; but you know, Jem, you are just as full as me about wanting a lodger." (Another great nudge.)

"Ay! if Miss Matey would lodge with us—otherwise I've no mind to be cumbered with strange folk in the house," said Jem, with a want of tact which I could see enraged Martha, who was trying to represent a lodger as the great object they wished to obtain, and that in fact Miss Matey would be smoothing their path, and conferring a favour, if she would only come and live with them.

Miss Matey herself was bewildered by the pair; their, or rather Martha's sudden resolution in favour of matrimony staggered her, and stood between her and the contemplation of the plan which Martha had at heart. Miss Matey began—

"Marriage is a very solemn thing, Martha."

"It is indeed, Ma'am," quoth Jem. "Not that I've no objections to Martha."

"You've never let me a-be for asking me for to fix when I would be married," said Martha, her face all afire, and ready to cry with vexation, "and now you're shaming me before my missus and all."

"Nay, now! Martha, don't ee! don't ee! only a man likes to have breathing time," said Jem, trying to possess himself of her hand, but in vain. Then seeing that she was more seriously hurt than he had imagined, he seemed to try to rally his scattered faculties, and with more straightforward dignity than, ten minutes before, I should have thought it possible for him to assume, he turned to Miss Matey, and said, "I hope, ma'am, you know that I'm bound to respect every one who has been kind to Martha. I always looked on her as to be my wife—some time; and she has often and often spoken of you as the kindest lady that ever was; and though the plain truth is I would not like to be troubled with lodgers of the common run; yet if, ma'am, you'd honour us by living with us, I am sure Martha would do her best to make you comfortable; and I'd keep out of your way as much as I could, which I reckon would be the best kindness such an awkward chap as me could do."

Miss Matey had been very busy with taking off her spectacles, wiping them, and replacing them; but all she could say was, "Don't let any thought of me hurry you into marriage; pray don't! Marriage is such a very solemn thing!"

"But Miss Matilda will think of your plan, Martha," said I, struck with the advantages that it offered, and unwilling to lose the opportunity of considering about it. "And I'm sure neither she nor I can ever forget you kindness, nor yours either, Jem."

"Why, yes, ma'am! I'm sure I mean kindly, though I'm a bit fluttered by being pushed straight a-head into matrimony, as it were, and mayn't express myself conformable. But I'm sure I'm willing enough, and give me time to get accustomed; so, Martha, wench, what's the use of crying so, and slapping me if I come near?",

This last was *sotto voce*, and had the effect of making Martha bounce out of the room, to be followed and soothed by her lover. Whereupon Miss Matey sat down and cried very heartily, and accounted for it by saying that the thought of Martha being married so soon gave her quite a shock, and that she should never forgive herself if she thought she was hurrying the poor creature. I think my pity was more for Jem, of the two; but both Miss Matey and I appreciated to the full the kindness of the honest couple, although we said little about this, and a good deal about the chances and dangers of matrimony.

The next morning, very early, I received a note from Miss Pole, so mysteriously wrapped up, and with so many seals on it to secure secrecy, that I had to tear the paper before I could unfold it. And when I came to the writing I could hardly understand the meaning, it was so involved and oracular. I made out, however, that I was to go to Miss Pole's at eleven o'clock; the number eleven being written in full length as well as in numerals, and *A. M.* twice dashed under, as if I were very likely to come at eleven at night, when all Cranford was usually a-bed, and asleep by ten; there was no signature except Miss Pole's initials, reversed, P. E., but as Martha had given me the note, "with Miss Pole's kind regards," it needed no wisard to find out who sent it, and if the writers' name was to be kept secret, it was very well that I was alone when Martha delivered it.

I went, as requested, to Miss Pole's. The door was opened to me by her little maid Lizzy, in Sunday trim, as if some grand event was pending over this work-day. And the drawing-room up-stairs was arranged in accordance with this idea. The table was set out, with the best green card cloth and writing-materials upon it. On the little chiffonier was a tray with a newly-decanted bottle of cowslip wine, and some ladies'-finger biscuits. Miss Pole herself was in solemn array, as if to receive visitors, although it was only eleven o'clock. Mrs. Forrester was there, crying quietly and sadly, and my arrival seemed only to call forth fresh tears. Before we had finished our greetings, performed with lugubrious mystery of demeanour, there was another rat-tat-tat, and Mrs. Fitz-Adam appeared crimson with walking and excitement. It seemed as if this was all the company expected; for now Miss Pole made several of the demonstrations of being about to open the business of the meeting, by stirring the fire, opening and shutting the door, and coughing and blowing her nose. Then she arranged us all round the table, taking care to place me opposite to her; and last of all, she inquired of me, if the sad report was true, as she feared it was, that Miss Matey had lost all her fortune?

Of course, I had but one answer to make; and I never saw more unaffected sorrow depicted on any countenances, than I did there on the three before me.

"I wish Mrs. Jamieson was here!" said Mrs. Forrester at last; but to judge from Mrs. Fitz-Adam's face, she could not second the wish.

"But without Mrs. Jamieson," said Miss Pole, with just a sound of offended merit in her voice, "we, the ladies of Cranford, in my drawing-room assembled, can resolve upon something. I imagine we are none of us what may be called rich, though we all possess a genteel competency, sufficient for tastes that are elegant and refined, and would not, if they could, be vulgarly ostentatious." (Here I observed Miss Pole refer to a small card concealed in her hand, on which I imagine she had put down a few notes.)

"Miss Smith," she continued, addressing me (familiarly known as "Mary" to all the company assembled, but this was a state occasion), "I have conversed in private—I made it my business to do so yesterday afternoon—with these ladies on the misfortune which has happened to our friend—and one and all of us have agreed that, while we have a superfluity, it is not only a duty but a pleasure—a true pleasure, Mary!" her voice was rather choked just here, and she had to wipe her spectacles before she could go on—"to give what we can to assist her—Miss Matilda Jenkyns. Only, in consideration of the feelings of delicate independence existing in the mind of every refined female," I was sure she had got back to the card now, "we wish to contribute our mites in a secret and concealed manner, so as not to hurt the feelings I have referred to. And our object in requesting you to meet us this morning, is, that believing you are the daughter—that your father is, in fact, her confidential adviser in all pecuniary matters, we imagined that, by consulting with him, you might devise some mode in which our contribution should be made to appear the legal due which Miss Matilda Jenkyns ought to receive from ———. Probably your father, knowing her investments can fill up the blank."

Miss Pole concluded her address, and looked round for approval and agreement.

"I have expressed your meaning, ladies, have I not? And while Miss Smith considers what reply to make, allow me to offer you some little refreshment."

I had no great reply to make; I had more thankfulness at my heart for their kind thoughts than I cared to put into words; and so I only mumbled out something to the effect "that I would name what Miss Pole had said to my father, and that if anything could be arranged for dear Miss Matey," and here I broke down utterly, and had to be refreshed with a glass of cowslip wine before I could check the crying which had been repressed for the last two or three days. The worst was, all the ladies cried in concert. Even Miss Pole cried, who had said a hundred times that to betray emotion before any one was a sign of weakness and want of self-control. She recovered herself into a slight degree of impatient anger, directed against me, as having set them all off; and, moreover, I think she was vexed that I could not make a speech back in return for hers; and if I had known beforehand what was to be said, and had had a card on which to express the probable feelings that would rise in my heart, I would have tried to gratify her. As it was, Mrs. Forrester was the person to speak when we had recovered our composure. "I don't mind, among friends, stating that I—no! I'm not poor exactly, but I don't think I'm what you may call rich; I wish I were, for dear Miss Matey's sake—but, if you please, I'll write down, in a sealed paper, what I can give. I only wish it was more: my dear Mary, I do indeed."

Now I saw why paper, pens, and ink, were provided. Every lady wrote down the sum she could give annually, signed the paper, and sealed it mysteriously. If their proposal was acceded to, my father was to be allowed to open the papers, under pledge of secrecy. If not, they were to be returned to their writers. When this ceremony had been gone through, I rose to depart; but each lady seemed to wish to have a private conference with me. Miss Pole kept me in the drawing-room to explain why, in Mrs. Jamieson's absence, she had taken the lead in this "movement," as she was pleased to call it, and also to inform me that she had heard from good sources, that Mrs. Jamieson was coming home directly in a state of high displeasure against her sister-in-law, who was forthwith to leave her house; and was, she believed, to return to Edinburgh that very afternoon. Of course this piece of intelligence could not be communicated before Mrs. Fits-Adam, more especially as Miss Pole was inclined to think that Lady Glenmire's engagement to Mr. Hoggins could not possibly hold against the blaze of Mrs. Jamieson's displeasure. A few hearty inquiries after Miss Matey's health concluded my interview with Miss Pole. On coming down stairs I found Mrs. Forrester waiting for me at the entrance to the dining parlour; she drew me in, and when the door was shut, she tried two or three times to begin on some subject, which was so unapproachable apparently, that I began to despair of our ever getting to a clear understanding. At last out it came; the poor old lady trembling all the time as if it were a great crime which she was exposing to daylight, in telling me how very, very little she had to live upon; a confession which she was brought to make from a dread lest we should think that the small contribution named in her paper bore any proportion to her love and regard for Miss Matey. And yet that sum which she so eagerly relinquished was in truth more than a twentieth part of what she had to live upon, and keep house, and a little serving-maiden, all as became one born a Tyrell. And when the whole income does not nearly amount to a hundred pounds, to give up a twentieth of it will necessitate many careful economies, and many pieces of self-denial—small and insignificant in the world's account, but bearing a different value in another account-book that I have heard of. She did so wish she was rich, she said; and this wish she kept repeating with no thought of herself in it, only with a longing, yearning desire to be able to heap up Miss Matey's measure of comforts. It was some time before I could console her enough to leave her; and then, on quitting the house, I was waylaid by Mrs. Fitz-Adam, who had also her confidence to make of pretty nearly the opposite description. She had not liked to put down all that she could afford, and was ready to give. She told me she thought she never could look Miss Matey in the face again if she presumed to be giving her so much as she should like to do. "Miss Matey!" continued she, "that I thought was such a fine young lady, when I was nothing but a country girl, coming to market with eggs and butter and such like things; for my father, though well to do, would always make me go on as my mother had done before; and I had to come in to Cranford every Saturday and see after sales and prices, and what not. And one day I remember I met Miss Matey in the lane that leads to Combehurst; she was walking on the footpath which, you know, is raised a good way above the road, and a gentleman rode beside her, and was talking to her, and she was looking down at some primroses she had gathered, and pulling them all to pieces, and I do believe she was crying. But after she had passed me she turned round and ran after me to ask—oh so kindly—after my poor mother, who lay on her death-bed, and when I cried she took hold of my hand to comfort me; and the gentleman waiting for her all the time; and her poor heart very full of something I am sure, and I thought it such an honour to be spoken to in that pretty way by the rector's daughter, who visited at Arley Hall. I have loved her ever since, though perhaps I'd no right to do it; but if you can think of any way in which I might be allowed to give a little more without any one knowing it, I should be so much obliged to you, my dear. And my brother would be delighted to doctor her for nothing—medicines, leeches and all. I know that he and her ladyship (my dear! I little thought in the days I was telling you of that I should ever come to be sister-in-law to a ladyship)! would do anything for her. We all would."

I told her I was quite sure of it, and promised all sorts of things in my anxiety to get home to Miss Matey, who might well be wondering what had become of me, absent from her two hours without being able to account for it. She had taken very little note of time, however, as she had been occupied in numberless little arrangements preparatory to the great step of giving up her house. It was evidently a relief to her to be doing something in the way of retrenchment; for, as she said, whenever she paused to think, the recollection of the poor fellow with his bad five-pound note came over her, and she felt quite dishonest; only if it made her so uncomfortable, what must it not be doing to the directors of the Bank, who must know so much more of the misery consequent upon its failure. She almost made me angry by dividing her sympathy between these directors (whom she imagined overwhelmed by self-reproach for their mismanagement of other people's affairs), and those who were suffering like her. Indeed, of the two, she seemed to think poverty a lighter burden than self reproach; but I privately doubted if the directors would agree with her.

Old hoards were taken out and examined as to their money value, which luckily was small, or else I don't know how Miss Matey would have prevailed upon herself to part with such things as her mother's wedding-ring, the strange uncouth brooch with which her father had disfigured his shirt-frill, &c. However, we arranged things a little in order as to their pecuniary estimation, and were all ready for my father when he came next morning. I am not going to weary you with the details of all the business we went through; and one reason for not telling about them is that I did not understand what we were doing at the time, and cannot recollect it now. Miss Matey and I sat assenting to accounts, and schemes, and reports, and documents, of which I do not believe we either of us understood a word; for my father was clear-headed and decisive, and a capital man of business, and if we made the slightest inquiry, or expressed the slightest want of comprehension, he had a sharp way of saying, "Eh? eh? it's as clear as daylight. What's your objection?" And as we had not comprehended anything of what he had proposed, we found it rather difficult to shape our objections; in fact, we never were sure if we had any. So presently Miss Matey got into a nervously acquiescent state, and said "Yes" and "Certainly" at every pause, whether required or not: but when I once joined in as chorus to a "Decidedly" pronounced by Miss Matey in a tremblingly dubious tone, my father fired round at me and asked me "What there was to decide?" And I am sure, to this day, I have never known. But, in justice to him, I must say, he had come over from Drumble to help Miss Matey when he could ill spare the time, and when his own affairs were in a very anxious state.

While Miss Matey was out of the room giving orders for luncheon—and sadly perplexed between her desire of honouring my father by a delicate dainty meal, and her conviction that she had no right now that all her money was gone, to indulge the desire—I told him of the meeting of Cranford ladies at Miss Pole's the day before. He kept brushing his hands before his eyes as I spoke—and when I went back to Martha's offer the evening before, of receiving Miss Matey as a lodger, he fairly walked away from me to the window, and began drumming with his fingers upon it. Then he turned abruptly round, and said, "See, Mary, how a good innocent life makes friends all around. Confound it! I could make a good lesson out of it if I were a parson, but as it is, I can't get a tail to my sentences—only I'm sure you feel what I want to say. You and I will have a walk after lunch, and talk a bit more about these plans."

The lunch—a hot savoury mutton-chop, and a little of the cold lion sliced and fried—was now brought in; every morsel of this last dish was finished, to Martha's great gratification. Then my father bluntly told Miss Matey he wanted to talk to me alone, and that he would stroll out and see some of the old places, and then I could tell her what plan we thought desirable. Just before we went out, she called me back and said, "Remember dear, I'm the only one left—I mean there's no one to be hurt by what I do. I'm willing to do anything that's right and honest; and I don't think, if Deborah knows where she is, she'll care so very much if I'm not genteel; because, you see, she'll know all, dear. Only let me sell what I can, and pay the poor people as far as I'm able."

I gave her a hearty kiss, and ran after my father. The result of our conversation was this. If all parties were agreeable, Martha and Jem were to be married with as little delay as possible, and they were to live on in Miss Matey's present abode; the sum which the Cranford ladies had agreed to contribute annually, being sufficient to meet the greater part of the rent, and leaving Martha free to appropriate what Miss Matey should pay for her lodgings to any little extra comforts required. About the sale, my father was dubious at first; he said the old rectory furniture, however carefully used, and reverently treated, would fetch very little; and that little would be but as a drop in the sea of the debts of the Town and County Bank. But when I represented how Miss Matey's tender conscience would be soothed by feeling that she had done what she could, he gave way; especially after I had told him the five-pound-note adventure, and he had scolded me well for allowing it. I then alluded to my idea that she might add to her small income by selling tea: and, to my surprise (for I had nearly given up the plan), my father grasped at it with all the energy of a tradesman. I think he reckoned his chickens before they were hatched, for he immediately ran up the profits of the sales that she could effect at Cranford to more than twenty pounds a-year; the small dining parlor was to be converted into a shop, without any of its degrading characteristics; a table was to be the counter; one window was to be retained unaltered, and the other changed into a glass door. I evidently rose in his estimation, for having made this bright suggestion. I only hoped we should not both fall in Miss Matey's.

But she was patient and content with all our arrangements. She knew, she said, that we should do the best we could for her; and she only hoped, only stipulated that she should pay every farthing that she could be said to owe, for her father's sake, who had been so respected in Cranford. My father and I agreed to say as little as possible about the Bank, indeed never to mention it again, if it could be helped. Some of the plans were evidently a little perplexing to her; but she had seen me sufficiently snubbed in the morning for want of comprehension to venture on too many enquiries now; and all passed over well, with a hope on her part that no one would be hurried into marriage on her account. When we came to the proposal that she should sell tea, I could see it was rather a shock to her; not on account of any personal loss of gentility involved, but only because she distrusted her own powers of action in a new line of life, and would timidly have preferred a little more privation to any exertion for which she feared she was unfitted. However, when she saw my father was bent upon it, she sighed, and said she would try; and if she did not do well, of course she might give it up. One good thing about it was, she did not think men ever bought tea; and it was of men particulary she was afraid. They had such sharp loud ways with them; and did up accounts, and counted their change so quickly! Now, if she might only sell comfits to children, she was sure she could please them!—*Household Words.*

A TURKISH 'OLD FOGY.'—Mr. Layard in his new volume gives the following letter written him by a Turk in reply to one asking for certain information. The English for Ali Zadi, it is conjectured, is 'Old Fogy'.

My Illustrious Friend and Joy of my Liver: The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses, nor have I inquired into the number of the inhabitants; and as to what one person loads on his mules, and the other stows away in the bottom of his ship, that is no business of mine. But, above all, as to the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion that the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were impossible for us to inquire into it. Oh, my soul! oh, my lamb! seek not after the things which concern thee not. Thou camest unto us, and we welcomed thee; go in peace. Of a truth, thou hast spoken many words, and there is no harm done, for the speaker is one and the listener is another. After the fashion of thy people, thou hast wandered from one place to another until thou art happy and content in none.

We (praise be to God) were born here, and never desire to quit it. Is it possible, then, that the idea of a general intercourse between mankind should make any impression on our understandings? God forbid! Listen, O my soul! There is no wisdom equal unto the belief in God. He created the world; and shall we liken ourselves unto Him, in seeking to penetrate into the mysteries of his creation? Shall we say, behold this star spinneth round that star, and this other star with a tail goeth and cometh in so many years? Let it go. He from whose hand it came will guide and direct it. But thou wilt say unto me—'Stand aside, O man! for I am more learned than thou art, and have seen more things.' If thou thinketh that thou art in this respect better than I am, thou art welcome. I praise God that I seek not that which I require not. Thou art learned in the things I cared not for; and as for that which thou hast seen, I defile it. Will much knowledge create thee a double belly, or wilt thou seek paradise with thine eyes? Oh, my friend, if thou wilt be happy, say, 'There is no God but God.' Do no evil; and thus wilt thou fear neither man nor death, for surely thine hour will come. The meek in spirit (El Fakia).—*Imaum Ali Zadi.*

THE TIDINGS.

A bright beam came to my window frame,
This sweet May morn;
And it said to the cold, hard glass—
Oh! let me pass,
For I have good news to tell—
The queen of the dewy dell,
The beautiful May, is born!

Warm with the race, through the open space,
This sweet May morn,
Came a soft wind out of the skies;
And it said to my heart—Arise!
Go forth from the winter's fire,
For the child of thy long desire,
The beautiful May, is born!

The bright beam glanced and the soft wind danced,
This sweet May morn,
Over my cheek and over my eyes;
And I said, with a glad surprise—
Oh, lead me forth, ye blessed twain,
Over the hill and over the plain,
Where the beautiful May is born.

Through the open door leaped the beam before,
This sweet May morn,
And the soft wind floated along,
Like a poet's song,
Warm from his heart and fresh from his brain;
And they led me over the mount and plain,
To the beautiful May new born.

My guide so bright and my guide so light,
This sweet May morn,
Led me along o'er the grassy ground,
And I knew by each joyous sight and sound,
The fields so green and the skies so gay,
That heaven and earth kept holiday,
That the beautiful May was born.

Out of the sea with their eyes of glee,
This sweet May morn,
Came the blue waves hastily on;
And they murmuring cried—Thou happy one!
Show us, O earth! thy darling child,
For we heard, far out on the ocean wild,
That the beautiful May was born.

The winged flame to the rose-bud came,
This sweet May morn,
And it said to the flower—Prepare!
Lay thy nectarine bosom bare;
Full soon, full soon, thou must rock to rest,
And nurse and feed on thy glowing breast,
The beautiful May now born!

The gladsome breeze through the trembling trees,
This sweet May morn,
Went joyously on from bough to bough:
And it said to the red-branched plum—O thou!
Cover with mimic pearls and gems,
And with silver bells, thy coral stems,
For the beautiful May now born.

Under the eaves and through the leaves,
This sweet May morn,
The soft wind whispering flew:
And it said to the listening birds—O you,
Sweet choristers of the skies,
Awaken your tenderest lullabies,
For the beautiful May now born.

The white cloud flew to the uttermost blue,
This sweet May morn,
It bore, like a gentle carrier-dove,
The blessed news to the realms above;
While its sister cooed in the midst of the grove,
And within my heart the spirit of love,
That the beautiful May was born!

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

EXTRAORDINARY JUGGLING FEAT.

In the early part of the last century, a physician named Agricola, living at Ratisbon, in Germany, obtained great celebrity by certain discoveries which he declared he had made as to the multiplication of plants and trees. He could produce, he said, from a small branch, or even from a leaf, large forest trees in the course of an hour, through the sole instrumentality of fire. He wrote several works on the subject, one of which was published at Amsterdam, in 1720. Its title was. "*Agriculture parfaite, ou Nouvelle Decouverte*," &c. It has been supposed that he had learned the secrets of the Hindoo jugglers, whose feats in the same line are of the most extraordinary character. They actually sow the seed of any tree the spectators call for, in the earth, and, after a few cabalistic words pronounced over it, a mulberry, a plum, or a walnut plant is gradually seen springing upward until it becomes a large tree, with its natural fruit depending from its branches. Nor is this all. The fruit is plucked and given to the spectator to eat; and while he is engaged eating of the enchanted dates or walnuts, the branches of the miraculous trees are crowded with birds of every plumage, who fill the air with their melody. A signal is given, and the tree, with its feathered inhabitants, disappears in an instant, leaving behind it no trace of its existence!

The author of the "Oriental Annual," an English gentleman of unquestionable veracity, gives an almost incredible description of a juggling performance at which he was present. The operator introduces into the middle of the circle a naked little girl about eight years old, in a wicker basket. The girl is shown to all the spectators. The operator then enters into a conversation with her, which soon assumes angry tone; he threatens to kill her with a drawn sword; she supplicates for mercy, and while the piteous cries grow louder he plunges the weapon into her bosom two or three times successively. The earth is dyed with blood, while her agonising groans announce dissolution. The spectators are ready to fall on the wretch whom they belive to be guilty of so barbarous a murder, when the little girl enters the circle from without, dressed in her usual attire, and as gay as if nothing had happened to her!

A still more extraordinary feat than that was performed in the presence of the Mogul Emperor Jehanegrie, who gives an account of it in his autobiography. The performers produced a living man, whose head they cut off in the first instance. They then divided the limbs from the trunk, and the mutilated remains lay on the ground for some time. A curtain was then extended over the spot, and one of the performers putting himself under the curtain, emerged from it again in a few minutes followed by the individual who was supposed to have been so completely dissected!

His Mogul Majesty gives the following minute account of some other performances by the same juggler, which are very wonderful:

"They took a small bag, and having first shown that it was entirely empty, one of them put his hand in the bag; on withdrawing his hand again, out came two game-cocks of the largest size and great beauty, which immediately assailed each other, and fought with such force and fury that their wings emitted sparks of fire at every stroke. This continued for the full space of an hour, when they put an end to the combat by throwing a sheet over the animals. Again they withdrew the sheet, and there appeared a brace of partridges, with the most brilliant and beautiful plumage, which immediately began to tune their throats as if there was nothing human present, picking at worms with the same sort of chuckle as they are heard to use on the hill-side. The sheet was now thrown, as in the other instance, over the partridges, and when again withdrawn, instead of those beautiful birds, there appeared two frightful black snakes, with flat heads and crimson bellies, which, with open mouth and head erect, and coiled together, attacked each other with the greatest fury, and so continued to do, until, as it appeared, they became quite exhausted, when they fell asunder.

"They made an excavation in the earth, in the shape of a tank or reservoir, of considerable dimensions, which they requested us to fill with water. When this was done they spread a covering over the place, and after a short interval, having removed the cover, the water appeared to be one sheet of ice, and they desired that some of the elephant-keepers might be directed to lead the elephants across. Accordingly, one of the men set his elephant upon the ice, and the animal walked over with as much ease and safety as if it were a platform of solid rock, remaining for some time on the surface of the frozen pond without occasioning the slightest fracture in the ice. As usual, the sheet was drawn across the place, and being removed, every vestage of ice, and even moisture of any sort, had completely disappeared.

"They procured a blank volume of the purest white paper, which was placed in my hands to show that it contained no figures or any coloured pages whatever, of which I satisfied myself and all around. One of the men took the volume in hand, and the first opening exhibited a page of bright red, sprinkled with gold, forming a blank tablet splendidly elaborate. The next turn presented a beautiful azure, sprinkled in the same manner, and exhibiting on the margin numbers of men and women in various attitudes.

"The juggler then turned to another leaf, which appeared of a Chinese colour and fabric, and sprinkled in the same manner with gold, but on it delineated herds of cattle and lions, the latter seizing upon the kine in a manner that I never observed in any other paintings. The next leaf exhibited was a beautiful green, similarly powdered with gold, on which was represented, in lively colours, a garden with numerous cypresses, roses and other flowering shrubs in full bloom; and in the midst of the garden an excellent pavillion. The next change exhibited a leaf of orange, in the same manner powdered with gold, on which the painter had delineated the representation of a great battle, in which two adverse kings were seen engaged in the struggle of a mortal conflict. In short, at every turn of the leaf a different colour, scene and action was exhibited, such as was, indeed, most pleasing to behold; but of all the performances, this latter of the volume of paper was that which afforded me the greatest delight; so many pictures and extraordinary changes having been brought under view, that I must confess my utter inability to do justice in the description."

In observing upon the extraordinary nature of these performances, the Emperor puts aside the supposition that they were to be ascribed to a mere visual deception:

"They very evidently partake," he says, "of something beyond the exertion of human energy. I have heard it stated that the art has been called the Asmaynian (celestial), and I am informed that it is also known and practised to a considerable extent among